

Doctor **WHO**

THE HIGH PRICE OF PARKING

BY JOHN DORNEY

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY

Time Lord.

MELANIE BUSH: BONNIE LANGFORD

His computer whizz companion from Pease Pottage.

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED

His tearaway bomb-making companion from Perivale.

COWLEY:

(F, 40s-50s) Head Warden on the planet Parking. Nervy. Out of her depth.

KEMPTON:

(M, 30s-40s) Deputy Warden on the planet Parking. Jobsworth with an evil streak. Pedantic and unctuous.

REGINA:

(F, 40s-50s) "Reh-JEEN-ah". Leader of the Tribe. Tough. Non-sense.

SERAPHIM:/ WIFE:

(F) An evil, deranged spaceship. Sultry and seductive./ Victim.

FULTON:/ BOSS:/ GORD:/ HUSBAND:

(M) Arrogant Major working for Galactic Heritage./ Alien Owner of Parking./ Alien Tribesman./ Victim.

DUNNE:/ SELFDRIVE:/ TRIBESMAN:/ SOLDIER:/ ROBOWARDENS:

(M) Free Parking Activist/ Computer./ Alien Tribesman.

ALSO: ASSORTED SOLDIERS, CUSTOMERS, WARDENS AND SPACESHIPS.

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PART ONE

(OPENING THEME)

1. INT. SPACESHIP

(DOOR OPENS. TWO MARRIED ALIENS CLAMBER IN)

HUSBAND:

And you paid for parking, didn't you?

WIFE:

Yes. Course I did.

HUSBAND:

Only they don't let you out the forcewall if you haven't paid.

WIFE:

I know that. That's why I did it. (OPERATES THE CONTROLS)

HUSBAND:

(HEADS INTO THE BACK. SITS) Got some lovely hypercards to post Auntie Jack.

WIFE:

Really.

(THE SELFDRIVE FIRES UP)

SELFDRIVE:

Welcome back, ma'am.

WIFE:

How do Tomas.

SELFDRIVE:

Did you have a pleasant visit?

WIFE:

Pretty good, yes.

SELFDRIVE:

I'm glad to hear it.

(WIFE INPUTTING COMMANDS)

HUSBAND:

Auntie Varn'll be so jealous. (BEAT) What you doing up there?

WIFE:

Setting the self-drive. How else you reckon we're getting back?

HUSBAND:

Oh. Course.

SELFDRIVE:

Which destination do you require?

WIFE:

Home please.

SELFDRIVE:

And would you prefer the fastest or shortest route?

WIFE:

Fastest. Though if there's services about halfway, program in a rest stop.

SELFDRIVE:

I'll see if there is. Calculating route. (WHIRR) Yes. The most convenient spaceport is Vildar.

WIFE:

Oh, great. That's a lovely one. Do that.

SELFDRIVE:

I shall. (WHIRRS)

(THE ENGINES REV. SHE JOINS HER HUSBAND. HE'S USING A REMOTE)

WIFE:

Ready to launch. What you up to?

HUSBAND:

Looking for an in-flight movie. You like Narl Garfoot, don't you?

WIFE:

Narl Garfoot? No. I hate him.

HUSBAND:

Really? I thought -

SELFDRIVE:

Free Parking.

(SILENCE)

HUSBAND:

What was that?

SELFDRIVE:

Free parking.

HUSBAND:

You said you'd paid.

WIFE:

I did. (HEADS BACK UP TO THE CONTROL DESK) Must be a bug...

SELFDRIVE:

Free Parking. Free Parking.

(HE JOINS HER. THE ENGINES GET LOUDER)

HUSBAND:

Something's wrong with the Self-drive...

WIFE:

Ah, not going to have to get it reinstalled, am I?

SELFDRIVE:

Free Parking! Free Parking! Free Parking!

HUSBAND:

Do those engines sound loud to you?

WIFE:

Yeah, they -

(THE CONTROLS SPARK AND BURN)

WIFE:

What in - ?

SELFDRIVE:

Free parking!

(THE SHIP EXPLODES)

HUSBAND/WIFE:

(SCREAMS)

2. INT. PARKING BAY

(MINOR BUSTLE — PASSERS-BY RETURNING TO SPACESHIPS. SOME TAKING OFF NEARBY AND DEPARTING, BUT IT'S REASONABLY EMPTY. FAINT, DISTANT SIREN. THE TARDIS MATERIALISES. ACE EMERGES)

ACE:

Doctor! I thought you said we were going to the most beautiful planet in the cosmos?

DOCTOR:

(CALLING FROM INSIDE) One of the most beautiful planets, Ace. I said one of them. I wouldn't want the others to take offence.

(MEL EMERGES)

MEL:

She's right though, Doctor. Beautiful isn't the word I'd have picked. Looks more like a municipal car park.

(THE DOCTOR EMERGES)

DOCTOR:

Of course it does, Mel. That's what it is. Well, not a car park, obviously, there are no cars. A spaceship park. For spaceships. That's where we are.

ACE:

Funny definition of beautiful you've got.

DOCTOR:

Oh, this isn't where we're going.

(LOCKS THE TARDIS AND WALKS TO A CONTROL TERMINAL. ENTERS FIGURES)

ACE:

Eh?

MEL:

I beg your pardon?

DOCTOR:

We're going to Dashrah. One time home of the legendary Dream Spinners. Quite an enigmatic race. Vanished in mysterious circumstances many centuries ago.

ACE:

Oh, here we go. Someone's playing Sherlock Holmes again.

DOCTOR:

Well. You know how much I hate not having the answers.

MEL:

And you've never thought to just travel back to whenever it happened to see whatever it was?

DOCTOR:

Of course not. If there's something I hate more than not having the answers, it's cheating. There's no point in doing a crossword if you've always got your thumb in the back of the book, looking at the solution.

ACE:

If you wanted to do a crossword, I'd expect you to have gone back in time, nobbled the setter and written it yourself.

(THE DOCTOR FINISHES WITH THE CONSOLE)

DOCTOR:

Done. All registration details entered.

MEL:

The TARDIS has registration details?

DOCTOR:

You'd be surprised. Mind your feet.

ACE:

My - ? Woah!

(A WHIRR AND ACE HOPS BACK. A LOCKING CLAMP EMERGES FROM THE GROUND AND ATTACHES TO THE TARDIS)

ACE:

What's it doing to her?

DOCTOR:

Magnetic clamps.

MEL:

Concealed in the floors... Clever.

DOCTOR:

To keep vehicles in place and prevent theft. (TAPS THE TARDIS)
All safely stowed.

(A PLASTIC TOKEN CLATTERS FROM THE TERMINAL)

DOCTOR:

There we are. (TAKING IT)

MEL:

What's that?

DOCTOR:

The little token. You can't park anywhere without a little token.

ACE:

No sneaking off without paying then?

DOCTOR:

Even Time Lord technology wouldn't get past the force barrier here without a receipt. Come along. The travelator to the teleport is over there.

(HE HEADS OFF)

MEL:

Better make a note of the bay. You know what he's like.

ACE:

Do I ever...

MEL:

(MUTTERS) Continent T, Violet Zone, Bay... Number... Yeah, got it.

(THEY FOLLOW. AS GO, THE DISTANT SIREN IS CLOSER AND A SHADE MORE AUDIBLE)

MEL:

Can you hear that?

ACE:

(BEAT) Sounds like a car alarm... Someone's trying to nick a spaceship. Really is like a municipal car park, isn't it?

3. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (CENTRAL CONTROL)

(ALERT RINGING — SAME AS PREVIOUS SCENE. THE MIDDLE-AGED PARKING WARDENS ARE DOING THEIR BEST TO PANIC. KEMPTON OPERATES CONTROLS RAPIDLY. COWLEY PACES)

KEMPTON:

Explosion detected in sector three, ma'am. I've locked down the area.

COWLEY:

What was it this time, Kempton?

KEMPTON:

Same as usual. Ship preparing for launch.

COWLEY:

How many customers?

KEMPTON:

Two, I think.

COWLEY:

Right. I see. Is it... 'them'?

KEMPTON:

No-one's claimed responsibility yet, ma'am, but it does appear to match their M.O.

COWLEY:

Of course it does. Many witnesses?

KEMPTON:

Well, no. It wasn't peak time. So the area was relatively under-populated.

COWLEY:

Thank heavens we're down on visitors then. If anyone asks, it was a fault in their ship, alright?

KEMPTON:

We've got the cover story ready to go, ma'am. I'm not sure many people will believe it though. There've been an awful lot of 'faulty ships' lately.

COWLEY:

Yeeesssss.

KEMPTON:

Are you going to inform head office?

COWLEY:

Well, I've got to, haven't I? It's the job. I don't have much choice.

KEMPTON:

I don't think they'll be happy.

COWLEY:

They so rarely are. Do your best, Kempton. Minimise the disruption as much as possible and we'll speak soon, no doubt.

KEMPTON:

No doubt, Ma'am. All the best.

(COWLEY HEADS OFF. A COMMUNICATION DEVICE BEEPS, AND KEMPTON ANSWERS)

KEMPTON:

Hello, Deputy Warden.

(SERAPHIM IS A COMPUTER, BUT SHOULDN'T OBVIOUSLY BE SO)

SERAPHIM:

(COMMUNICATOR DISTORT) Good day, Mr Kempton. I'm sorry to disturb you at what must be rather a busy time.

KEMPTON:

Oh, that's quite alright, Seraphim. We both know why that is, don't we?

SERAPHIM:

(DISTORT) Indeed we do. A situation has developed. It requires your urgent attention.

KEMPTON:

A different situation?

SERAPHIM:

(DISTORT) A being of great interest has landed on Parking. Northern Hemisphere. Continent T, Violet Zone, Bay Omicron, Number Eight hundred and three. This being has much potential.

KEMPTON:

Really? Then I'll see if I can procure them for you.

4. INT. CONCOURSE

(THE TARDIS CREW ON A TRAVELATOR. A MORE BUSTLY PART OF PARKING. CROWDS MILLING AROUND)

MEL:

I presume this place is where we park in order to visit Dashrah.

DOCTOR:

Quite so. Dashrah's a planet of exceptional beauty. Historical ruins; multi-coloured, swirling pastel skies; remarkable sunsets...

ACE:

Sounds pretty boring to me.

MEL:

Oh, I prefer boring to 'life-threatening' any day.

DOCTOR:

And as you might expect, said beauty has to be protected. Being a major tourist attraction, Dashrah has a lot of visitors, but also a very delicate ecosystem that requires preservation. So the entire planet is looked after by Galactic Heritage.

MEL:

Oh. Is it.

ACE:

You know them?

MEL:

Sort of. Glitz had a run-in with their fleet. They're like a militarised, space-faring, National Trust.

ACE:

Right. (THINKING) So like when you visit a historical site on Earth, you aren't allowed to park your car right on top of it, when you visit Dashrah –

DOCTOR:

... You park your spaceship on the special planetoid they built next door. Hence the name: 'Parking'.

ACE:

An artificial planet?!

DOCTOR:

And a rather large one, due to Dashrah's popularity.

MEL:

'Parking'? That's its actual name?

ACE:

I bet that took a committee months to come up with.

DOCTOR:

Three and a half years, I believe. But to be fair, they were spending most of that time building it too, so there wasn't any rush. That was a few thousand years ago.

ACE:

Explains the décor.

(SPACESHIP LAUNCHES IN DISTANCE)

MEL:

Seems very busy.

DOCTOR:

Actually, I think it might be quieter than usual. We may have arrived in the off-season.

ACE:

It's certainly got all the mod-cons. Restaurants, shops... I presume that's a refuelling station...

DOCTOR:

Wherever there are people there are opportunities for profit.

MEL:

You said we were heading for a teleport? Is that like the Park and Ride to Dashrah?

DOCTOR:

Exactly. Just up here.

(HE LEAVES THE TRAVELATOR. ACE AND MEL FOLLOW)

MEL:

So you're trying to find out what made these Dashrans disappear?

DOCTOR:

Correct.

MEL:

Well if it's likely to involve awakening an ancient evil from the dawn of time, I might just stay here and have a coffee.

(SHE STOPS WALKING)

MEL:

I mean, that place looks nice.

ACE:

You're no fun anymore.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure it won't come to that. It's just curiosity. Whatever happened, happened long ago. We'll have no trouble.

(KEMPTON STEPS OUT IN FRONT OF THEM WITH HALF A DOZEN ROBOWARDENS - SQUAT, WHIRRING BOXES. ALL OF THEM LOAD THEIR WEAPONS)

ROBOWARDEN:

Do not move!

ACE:

You were saying?

KEMPTON:

Stop right where you are. You three are under arrest.

MEL:

Of course we are.

5. INT. DUCTING (TRIBAL LAIR)

(TWENTY PEOPLE, VARIOUS RACES, GATHERED AROUND A FLICKERING FIRE IN A FUTURISTIC UNDERCITY/SLUM. A BIT TRIBAL. REGINA TEARS OPEN A BOX)

REGINA:

Ah. Good. A whole delivery of Varl-hen meat.

TRIBE WILDTRACK:

(NOISES OF APPROVAL)

GORD:

It was just lying about, Mother. Left outside the shop to be taken for refuse.

REGINA:

Excellent foraging, Gord. We shall eat well tonight...

(TRIBESMAN RUNS UP)

TRIBESMAN:

(CALLING) Mother Regina! Mother Regina!

REGINA:

Quiet! You wish the Wardens to hear?

TRIBESMAN:

I... No. I do not. Apologies.

REGINA:

What is it?

TRIBESMAN:

I – It has happened again, mother.

(BEAT)

REGINA:

The Free Parkers?

TRIBESMAN:

That is the impression I got from the Wardens. I did not hear all they said. They spotted me, but I escaped.

REGINA:

The Free Parkers. Damn them. They shall be the end of us.
(BEAT) Gord – hack into the Lodge systems. These rebels must be controlled.

6. INT. TELEPORT STATION

DOCTOR:

'Parking outside a marked bay'?

KEMPTON:

You're denying it then, sir?

MEL:

Well, yes.

ACE:

Of course we're denying it! Do we look like the sort of people who don't know how to park properly?

KEMPTON:

In my experience, Miss, they look just like everyone else.

ACE:

'Miss'?

MEL:

Our ship was clamped into place. It can't have been outside a marked bay, surely?

DOCTOR:

She makes an good point, Warden - ?

KEMPTON:

Deputy Head Warden Kempton. And her good point doesn't tally with our records, sir. So, if you don't mind, you're accompanying me to the Wardens' Lodge.

ACE:

And if we do mind?

KEMPTON:

Then the Robowardens will stun you and drag you there anyway.

ROBOWARDEN:

Make my day.

(THE ROBOWARDENS BRISTLE WITH ENERGY)

MEL:

They make a good point too.

ACE:

That thing? Looks like a stunted Dalek.

MEL:

Appearances can be deceptive. I mean, look at the Doctor.

DOCTOR:

But I have a mystery to solve! The disappearance of the Dream-Spinners won't untangle itself.

KEMPTON:

They've been gone an awfully long time, sir, I'm sure it'll wait thirty minutes.

MEL:

We'd only be delayed thirty minutes?

ACE:

That's not the point.

KEMPTON:

If you're innocent, like you say, it'll be a glitch in the system. We'll have a quick chat at the Lodge, then get you back here. You'll be on Dashrah before you know it. I mean, if you are certain you're innocent.

MEL:

Doctor. For a quiet life.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

Oh, very well. Which way to this Lodge, Warden Kempton?

(QUICK JUMP CUT TO:)

7. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (CELL)

(BARRED DOOR SLAMS)

ACE:

I don't know about you, but I reckon this is a cell.

KEMPTON:

(OUTSIDE) Well, we have to put you somewhere. We're not presupposing guilt.

MEL:

But you're still locking us in.

KEMPTON:

It's a security measure.

DOCTOR:

Deputy Kempton – I thought you implied we weren't going to be here very long?

KEMPTON:

And you won't be. If you're innocent. But that's yet to be proven. We can't have you wandering around when you've potentially committed a very serious crime, now can we?

MEL:

A parking violation!

KEMPTON:

On a planet dedicated to parking, Miss, that's one of the most serious crimes there is.

ACE:

(MUTTERING) Reckon I could show you a few others.

KEMPTON:

Can you tell me your reason for arrival?

DOCTOR:

Tourism.

KEMPTON:

A likely story. Empty your pockets into the slot.

DOCTOR:

Ah, you don't quite understand what you're asking there. They're very capacious.

KEMPTON:

Then perhaps the whole jacket, sir.

DOCTOR:

That seems a trifle extreme.

KEMPTON:

Maybe. But if you could.

MEL:

Why?

KEMPTON:

Why what?

MEL:

Why should we hand anything over? You're not even sure we've committed a crime.

KEMPTON:

Every criminal surrenders their possessions, it's the rules.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid I'm not much of a stickler for rules. Neither, as my friend Mel has so correctly observed, am I currently a criminal.

ACE:

(MUTTERED) Not on this planet, at any rate.

DOCTOR:

I am, however, very good at noticing when people are behaving oddly. And you are behaving very oddly indeed.

KEMPTON:

(FAKE LAUGH) I don't think I am.

DOCTOR:

There seem to be several wardens patrolling this planet. Those things you call Robowardens too. Any one of them could have arrested us. And yet we were honoured with the attention of the Deputy Head Warden. I wonder why?

KEMPTON:

As I said, it's a serious crime.

DOCTOR:

Perhaps. And now you're very keen to take our belongings. Yes. I think that's where I draw the line. I'm afraid that before we hand anything over to you, you'll have to offer me some proof of wrongdoing. Protocol, you understand.

(BEAT)

KEMPTON:

Very well. If you'll excuse me, sir, I'll see what I can dig up. Good afternoon.

(HE HEADS OUT)

ACE:

I don't like the sound of that.

DOCTOR:

I don't like the sound of any of it.

8. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (CORRIDOR)

(KEMPTON STRIDING ALONG. ROBOWARDENS FLOAT BY. WARDENS PASS. HE RETRIEVES THE COMMUNICATOR AND CALLS SERAPHIM)

KEMPTON:

(HISSES) Seraphim?

SERAPHIM:

(DISTORT) Yes, Mr Kempton? Is it done?

KEMPTON:

(QUIET) Er, not yet, I'm afraid. They were a little on the... stubborn side.

SERAPHIM:

(DISTORT) Do not worry. Their bio-prints are in the system. Give me a few minutes to access those prints. I have a few alterations in mind. By the time you reach central control, I'll have provided all the ammunition you need.

9. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (COWLEY'S OFFICE)

(COWLEY TALKING TO A VIDEO-LINK)

COWLEY:

Sir, we haven't had a staff upgrade in years. Many of my team are old and infirm. Even the Robowardens are getting past it.

BOSS:

(COMMUNICATOR DISTORT) And you think that's an excuse?

COWLEY:

No, no. More an... explanation... We're just not equipped to deal with a major insurrection.

BOSS:

(DISTORT) It's not good enough, Cowley. Simply not good enough. Visitor numbers are down.

COWLEY:

Well, lots of them are dying, sir. That does rather reduce the total.

BOSS:

(DISTORT) That isn't what I meant. Rumours are getting out. We've kept it quiet so far, but it won't be long before word of this goes public. I told you to keep the situation contained!

COWLEY:

Customers have friends, sir. Relatives. It's hard for people to disappear with no one noticing. I'm stuck here, I can't stop gossip on other planets.

BOSS:

(DISTORT) Can't stop anything, it appears.

COWLEY:

That's not fair. We don't want customers dying, we're doing our best.

BOSS:

(DISTORT) The more corpses pile up the less chance we have of keeping this under our hats. If you can't stop this, I'll find people who can.

COWLEY:

I'm sorry?

BOSS:

(DISTORT) Either the problem is eliminated or I'll have to send in the military.

COWLEY:

(FEARFUL) G.H.?

BOSS:

(DISTORT) G.H. They have three heavily armed craft waiting one solar system along. All it would take is a word from me, and they'll be there. Ready to get things under control.

COWLEY:

But the... casualty numbers could be... enormous...

BOSS:

(DISTORT) They already are.

COWLEY:

Can't we try a non-violent solution?

BOSS:

(DISTORT) If that's what you'd prefer, you know what to do. I've given you your instructions, Ms Cowley. I don't wish to hear from you again, unless it's to tell me the situation has been neutralised. This is your last chance, remember that. Your very last chance. Good day.

(THE LINK CUTS OUT)

COWLEY:

But - Gah!

(SHE THUMPS THE TABLE)

10. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (CENTRAL CONTROL)

(KEMPTON CHECKS DATA ON A COMPUTER)

KEMPTON:

(MUTTERING) Oh, yes, that is nice. Well done, Seraphim... well done.

(COWLEY ENTERS)

COWLEY:

Damn and blast!

KEMPTON:

Something the matter, ma'am?

COWLEY:

What do you think? Just speaking to head office. They're not happy with our progress on the... (QUIET) 'F.P.' situation.

KEMPTON:

I have to remind you, you did expect that.

COWLEY:

I know I did, but it's worse than I thought. I really think this time they'll want my head.

KEMPTON:

Oh. That's not ideal, is it?

COWLEY:

No.

KEMPTON:

Well, if it's any consolation, ma'am, I believe I might be able to offer some help.

COWLEY:

Unless you've identified their base, I'm not sure you can.

KEMPTON:

Not that precisely, but, er... take a glance at this.

(HE TURNS THE COMPUTER ROUND)

COWLEY:

What am I looking at?

KEMPTON:

The bio-prints of three unruly customers I picked up earlier. They were behaving in a troublesome manner, so I ran their details through the system. Look what came up.

(HE TAPS THE SCREEN)

COWLEY:

Goodness gracious.

11. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (CELL)

(MEL EXAMINES THE LOCK)

MEL:

Well, it's a fairly standard computer lock. Shouldn't be too hard to hack.

DOCTOR:

Another thing you picked up off Glitz?

MEL:

When you swan around the galaxy with a confidence artist, your skillset does expand ever so slightly. Shall I - ?

DOCTOR:

Not yet.

ACE:

We are escaping though, aren't we?

DOCTOR:

Maybe. But it's still possible this is all a misunderstanding. It wouldn't do to break out of here if we're just about to be released. That could lead to all sorts of complications.

(DOOR OPENS. COWLEY AND KEMPTON STRIDE IN)

KEMPTON:

Stand to attention.

DOCTOR:

Though judging by that lady's expression, a misunderstanding seems somewhat less likely.

(THEY RISE)

COWLEY:

Good afternoon. Head Warden Cowley. I believe you've already met my deputy.

DOCTOR:

Sadly, yes. We've had that... 'pleasure'.

ACE:

Had the odd conversation. The very odd conversation.

MEL:

I hope your presence here, Head Warden, means you're about to offer us a pardon.

KEMPTON:

Oh, you do, do you, Miss? (LAUGHS)

MEL:

Although now I'm guessing not.

COWLEY:

I'm afraid some rather disturbing information has reached us.

DOCTOR:

Oh?

ACE:

Disturbing?

MEL:

Whatever you've heard the Doctor did, it was probably just to save a planet or something...

KEMPTON:

You're Free Parkers!

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

I beg your pardon?

COWLEY:

(SCOLDING) Kempton -

MEL:

Free parkers?

ACE:

Hey! We took your token. We'll pay just like everyone else.

COWLEY:

We don't mean you intended parking for free. We mean that you're all of you... 'Free Parkers'.

MEL:

Is anyone else following this conversation? Cos I'm not.

DOCTOR:

Head Warden. You talk as if we should know what Free Parkers are. I'm sorry to break it to you, but we don't.

KEMPTON:

Exactly what a Free Parker would say, sir.

DOCTOR:

Exactly what an innocent man would say too, but don't let that stop you.

COWLEY:

You really shouldn't bother playing the innocent. We ran your identities through the system. They came up with a red flag. That means we have proof of your allegiances. Categorical proof.

DOCTOR:

Allegiances to what? Categorical how?

KEMPTON:

I think you know.

ACE:

Mate, I think we don't.

MEL:

Whatever you've found, someone obviously planted it. I mean, you haven't even asked us for identity details yet!

KEMPTON:

I think you'll find we scanned them the moment you arrived, miss.

ACE:

That's a bit cheeky.

KEMPTON:

You'll forgive me if I'm more concerned with saving lives than with your so-called 'rights'!

ACE:

Call me 'Miss' again and it's not my rights you'll be worrying about.

DOCTOR:

Saving lives?

COWLEY:

Let's not get ahead of ourselves, Kempton.

ACE:

Alright then. If you're so sure. What exactly is this 'categorical proof' you're talking about? Do we get to see it?

(BEAT)

COWLEY:

(TURNING AWAY, SOTTO) Yes, that is a good question. What is this proof, Kempton?

KEMPTON:

(SOTTO) I'm afraid it's classified, Ma'am.

COWLEY:

(SOTTO) Classified, Kempton?

KEMPTON:

(SOTTO) Classified, ma'am.

COWLEY:

Classified. Of course it is. (TURNS BACK) The evidence is classified.

ACE:

Right.

MEL:

Obviously.

DOCTOR:

How predictable.

COWLEY:

Well, clearly we can't supply you with confidential information. It might impact upon ongoing investigations.

ACE:

Yes, and you'd need time to make it up.

COWLEY:

That's an unwarranted accusation. We're only here to keep our customers safe and to give them an enjoyable parking experience. We're not in the business of frame-ups.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure you're not. Which makes me wonder what's going on. (SIGHS) So what happens now? Do we go to trial? Plead our case?

COWLEY:

Not immediately. As a result of this information, we're now legally entitled to seize your possessions. If you could hand them over, we'll search them for incriminating content that could lead to further arrests.

DOCTOR:

Interesting. And this seizure of possessions would be enacted by the Deputy Head Warden, am I right?

COWLEY:

Well, I don't have the time. I'm a very busy lady.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I thought as much.

COWLEY:

(EXITING) Carry on, Kempton.

KEMPTON:

Yes, ma'am. — Now: if you'd care to empty your pockets...?

ACE:

Reckon we might know who planted the evidence now.

MEL:

What exactly do you want with us, Kempton?

KEMPTON:

I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about, miss.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

Well then. It appears we have little choice. Mel, Ace. Pockets!

12. INT. DUCTING

(GORD WORKING ON A COMPUTER. IT BEEPS AND WHIRRS)

REGINA:

Work faster, Gord. The Wardens' network must have some information. No-one can reside here unnoticed.

TRIBESMAN:

We manage it.

REGINA:

We have had longer to learn. The Free Parkers are new. Some may have lived with us, but that does not mean they know our ways.

TRIBESMAN:

Surely if it were easy to find them, the Wardens would have done so already.

REGINA:

They do not know what they look for. We do.

(THE COMPUTER BEEPS)

REGINA:

What is that noise?

GORD:

(READING) They have three of them in custody. Three Free Parkers!

(BEAT)

REGINA:

My people! To the Wardens' Lodge. Now!

(GORD AND THE OTHERS MOVE OFF)

GORD:

We will fetch them, my queen!

13. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (CELL)

(KEMPTON TEARS OFF A SCRAP OF PAPER)

KEMPTON:

... And your receipt. We'll return your possessions in the fullness of time.

ACE:

You'd better had.

KEMPTON:

Don't try anything.

(HE GOES, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.)

DOCTOR:

Mel?

MEL:

Yes?

DOCTOR:

Try something.

(MEL STARTS TAPPING THE DOOR CONTROLS)

MEL:

Let's have a go at this lock then...

ACE:

How long's that going to take?

(THE DOOR POPS OPEN)

MEL:

Does that answer your question? Open sesame.

DOCTOR:

Excellent. Who needs a sonic screwdriver when you have a Mel? Come along.

(THEY HEAD OUT)

14. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (CORRIDOR) (CONTINUOUS)

(THEY CREEP OUT)

ACE:

Which way?

DOCTOR:

Head for the TARDIS. I'll meet you there.

MEL:

You're giving up on the mystery of the 'Dream-Spinners'?

DOCTOR:

For the moment. If it means not getting involved in the mystery of the kleptomaniac parking warden. I'm sure we'll have a warmer welcome to Dashrah in another time period.

ACE:

Could hardly be colder. Arrested in ten minutes. Can we never catch a break?

DOCTOR:

I'll get our things back. I need my jacket. I'll catch cold.

MEL:

We shouldn't have just handed it over.

DOCTOR:

Got them off our back, didn't it? He won't have got far.

ACE:

And you're sure you don't want our help?

DOCTOR:

Kempton is hardly the most intimidating opponent we've ever encountered. I'll be fine. (HEADING OFF) Go on. I'll see you soon.

MEL:

Alright. But famous last words.

(MEL AND ACE RUN OFF IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION TO THE DOCTOR.)

15. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (ANOTHER CORRIDOR)

(MEL AND ACE RUNNING)

ACE:

Now you're sure you remember where we parked?

MEL:

As I'm sure you've forgotten who you're speaking to. Of course I remember. I always do.

ACE:

Good point. Just checking. Place this big, I wouldn't want to get lost -

(THE POWER CUTS OUT WITH A SIGH)

ACE:

Uh-oh... Power cut. You reckon they know we're out?

MEL:

It'd be an odd way to respond if they did. It'd hinder them just as much as us. You know, the irony is, this would probably have opened the cell door too..

ACE:

How are we getting out in the dark?

MEL:

Don't worry. I remember that route too. This way!

(THEY RUN OFF)

16. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (CENTRAL CONTROL)

(A QUIET ALERT RINGS. SOME PANIC, SOME PEOPLE COLLIDING)

COWLEY:

What's the situation, Kempton?

KEMPTON:

I don't know, ma'am. I don't have any monitors to read. We've had a total loss of power.

COWLEY:

I know. I can see that. Or rather I can't.

(THE ALERT STOPS)

Oh come on, even the emergency alarm? This is too much. Get to the back-up generator. If the computers are on, we can at least figure out what the problem is and repair it.

KEMPTON:

Yes, ma'am. I understand. I'm on my way.

(HE EXITS)

17. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (CORRIDOR) (CONTINUOUS)

(KEMPTON WALKS, FAST, OPERATING HIS COMMUNICATOR)

KEMPTON:

Seraphim? Seraphim, are you receiving me?

SERAPHIM:

(DISTORT) Yes, Kempton?

KEMPTON:

There's a power cut in the Wardens' Lodge. Was it you?

SERAPHIM:

(DISTORT) I don't know anything about it.

KEMPTON:

Well, if it's not, then [who] - ?

DOCTOR:

(STEPPING OUT IN FRONT OF HIM) Who are you talking to, Mr Kempton?

(KEMPTON HURRIEDLY SWITCHES OFF THE COMMUNICATOR)

KEMPTON:

Ah. Of course. This is your fault, is it, sir?

DOCTOR:

You didn't answer my question.

KEMPTON:

It's none of your concern who I was talking to, it was a private conversation. Are you responsible for the loss of power?

DOCTOR:

No, that was as much of a surprise to me as it was to you. It's not without its uses though. Mr Kempton... I'd like our possessions back.

(PAUSE)

KEMPTON:

With pleasure, sir.

18. INT. CONCOURSE

(MEL AND ACE EXIT THE WARDENS' LODGE)

MEL:

See? I told you I knew the way out.

ACE:

Did I say I didn't believe you?

(BIG LIGHTS THUNK ON)

ACE:

Whoah! Turn those headlights down, mate, they're blinding!

GORD:

(OFF, BEHIND THE LIGHTS) Those two! They are not in uniform! It is them!

ACE:

Oh, what now?

MEL:

Is that a trident?

GORD:

(OFF) Surrender, Free Parkers!

MEL:

Run!

(THEY DART OFF)

ACE:

(RUNNING) When will someone realise we're not Free Parkers!

MEL:

(RUNNING) Whatever they are!

(THEY RUN STRAIGHT INTO A TRIBESMAN)

TRIBESMAN:

Stop! You shall come with us!

MEL:

Oh no we won't!

ACE:

Back! This way!

(THEY RACE IN ANOTHER DIRECTION)

MEL:

(RUNNING) Did you see what they looked like?

ACE:

(RUNNING) Not with those lights going..

MEL:

(RUNNING) Regular clothing, just very distressed. Tattered suits, that kind of thing. Bit unusual for this place, wouldn't you say?

ACE:

(RUNNING) Some kind of tribe? In a car park?

MEL:

Stop! More of them! Up ahead!

ACE:

Woah. Apocalypse chic, or what? Who let them out of the thunder dome?

MEL:

They're everywhere!

ACE:

Split up!

(SHE RACES AWAY)

MEL:

(CALLING OUT) If you're sure! You know where you're going, right?

ACE:

(CALLING BACK) I'll wing it. Street smarts, you know!

MEL:

Oh, that doesn't fill me with confidence.

(GORD RUNS UP)

GORD:

Stop!

MEL:

(RUNNING OFF) No thanks!

(SHE RUNS OFF. CHANGES DIRECTION A FEW TIMES. STOPS)

MEL:

(TO HERSELF) Which way, which way - ? Er... this way...

(SHE PICKS A ROUTE, RUNS OFF AND IMMEDIATELY THUDS INTO A ROBOWARDEN)

MEL:

Ah!

ROBOWARDEN:

Escapee. Cease perambulation immediately!

MEL:

Oh, come on! Tribesmen one way, Robowardens the other –

ROBOWARDEN:

(GRABBING HER WRIST) You are under arrest!

MEL:

(BEING DRAGGED AWAY) No, no. Ow. That hurts!

(NEARBY, GORD AND THE TRIBE STOP THEIR PURSUIT)

TRIBESMAN:

No! A Robowarden has her!

GORD:

Then we focus on the other. Follow me!

(THEY RACE OFF IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION)

19. INT. PARKING BAY

(WHERE THE TARDIS MATERIALISED. ACE RACES UP. STOPS)

ACE:

(TO HERSELF) Come on. It's around here somewhere...

(SHE'S GRABBED FROM ONE SIDE)

ACE:

Whoah!

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Shh, Ace. We don't want to attract attention.

ACE:

(SOTTO) Blimey. Don't creep up like that. Do you have to be so sneaky all the time?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) If I weren't, how could you be sure it was me?

ACE:

(SOTTO) Fair point. You got your jacket back.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) I got everything back. Kempton was something of a walkover, offered no fight at all. Which was odd, really.

ACE:

(SOTTO) Can't have thought it was worth the hassle, whatever he was up to.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) I suppose not. Come along. The TARDIS is this way.

(THEY CROSS THE CONCOURSE)

DOCTOR:

Where's Mel? (PATS HIS POCKETS)

ACE:

Oh, she'll have been here ages, I got lost. We split up. There was this bunch of nutters waiting for us. All in rags, and with, like, homemade weapons.

DOCTOR:

They must have been the ones who cut the power.

ACE:

Makes sense. They seemed to think we were – You alright?

DOCTOR:

Why shouldn't I be?

ACE:

All the patting your pockets. Have you lost something?

DOCTOR:

I can't find the TARDIS key...

ACE:

You what?

DOCTOR:

It must be here somewhere. I mean, we can always use the spare in -

(HE STOPS. ACE STOPS)

DOCTOR:

No.

ACE:

What?

DOCTOR:

Where's she gone? The TARDIS! She was here!

ACE:

But that's impossible. She has to be. Clamped in place, you said.

DOCTOR:

I know what I said.

ACE:

This isn't the right bay. It's a big planet, we took the wrong turning...

DOCTOR:

No, Ace. Continent T, Violet Zone, Bay Omicron, Number Eight hundred and three.

ACE:

You remembered?

DOCTOR:

Of course I remembered! This is where we landed and there's nothing here now. The TARDIS... has been stolen!

(CRASH IN CLOSING THEME)

PART TWO

(OPENING THEME)

REPRISE:

ACE:

This isn't the right bay. It's a big planet, we took the wrong turning..

DOCTOR:

No, Ace. Continent T, Violet Zone, Bay Omicron, Number Eight hundred and three.

ACE:

You remembered?

DOCTOR:

Of course I remembered! This is where we landed and there's nothing here now. The TARDIS... has been stolen!

CONTINUES INTO:

20. INT. PARKING BAY (CONT)

(THE TRIBE ARE RUNNING UP)

ACE:

And I think we can guess who by...

(THE TRIBE ARRIVE)

GORD:

Do not move!

DOCTOR:

Ah. I presume these are the people who ambushed you.

ACE:

That's them.

GORD:

Surrender, Free Parkers.

DOCTOR:

Well, in the absence of anything better to do... Why not?

21. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (COWLEY'S OFFICE)

(COWLEY SAT, MEL OPPOSITE)

COWLEY:

Where are your friends?

MEL:

I don't know. If you haven't caught them, they could be anywhere. They usually are.

COWLEY:

Did you know that we weren't able to find a spaceship where you claim to have parked?

MEL:

Er... no. I didn't, actually. That's worrying. When did you look?

COWLEY:

I ask the questions, Miss Bush!

MEL:

Of course you do. Oh, knowing the Doctor and Ace they'll be in the thick of it somewhere.

COWLEY:

Eh?

MEL:

Look, I don't want to tell you your business, or anything, but wouldn't it be an idea to wait until the lights were back on before interrogating me? You're making this an awful lot harder than it needs to be.

COWLEY:

We've had an issue with the power. Probably your Free Parking friends.

MEL:

I don't have Free Parking friends!

COWLEY:

Since we've no idea when the power'll be restored, there's no point waiting around. Might as well do the interrogation.

MEL:

Alright. But if we are, maybe explaining what a Free Parker is might give me a chance of convincing you I'm not one.

COWLEY:

More delaying tactics? Expecting to get rescued?

MEL:

No.

COWLEY:

That's why you're in my office, not the cell. We know you can get out of that.

MEL:

Yes, but -

(A CLUNK AND A WHIRR. THE POWER COMES BACK ON. COWLEY'S COMPUTER STARTS UP)

COWLEY:

Oh, good, the power's back. Right. (CLAPS HANDS TOGETHER) Let's try this again, shall we?

MEL:

Actually, let's not.

COWLEY:

Oh, come on. If we just wait for my computer to fire up, it takes its time...

MEL:

Not if you do this.

COWLEY:

Do what?

(MEL TAPS THE KEYS. THE COMPUTER IS IMMEDIATELY READY)

MEL:

That.

COWLEY:

How did you - ?

MEL:

And seeing as it's right here...

(SHE TAPS MORE BUTTONS. IT BEEPS)

COWLEY:

What are you doing?

MEL:

Oh, it's alright if I use your computer, isn't it?

COWLEY:

Erm... I wouldn't say alright exactly.

MEL:

Don't worry. Won't be two ticks.

22. INT. DUCTING (PASSAGE/TRIBAL LAIR)

(ACE AND THE DOCTOR BEING MARCHED THROUGH DUCTING BY THE TRIBE)

ACE:

We gonna be much longer? My feet are killing me.

GORD:

This way.

ACE:

We know that. We're going this way.

DOCTOR:

I'll say one thing. This is quite a high standard of ducting. I love what you've done with the place.

GORD:

Thank you. Your praise is welcome!

ACE:

He was being sarcastic.

GORD:

Oh.

(THEY EMERGE INTO THE TRIBE'S HOME, FIRE FLICKERING, ACTIVITY ALL AROUND)

DOCTOR:

Ah. This is more like it. Your standard futuristic undercity. Neon lighting. Gas vents. None of the mod-cons.

ACE:

Looks like Milton Keynes on a Friday night.

DOCTOR:

And a fire flickering in the grate too. Lovely.

REGINA:

Welcome to our home, Free Parkers! Welcome to the Tribe of the Lost!

ACE:

Who's this?

GORD:

Mother Regina, Queen of our Tribe!

ACE:

Course it is.

DOCTOR:

Regina. You and I will get on much better if you accept one thing. We are not Free Parkers, whatever they might be.

REGINA:

Do not play wise with me, Free Parker. We accessed the Lodge computers. They told us of your allegiances.

ACE:

That was a stitch up! The Wardens. They're trying to frame us!

REGINA:

Why would the Wardens do such a thing?

ACE:

Well, they wouldn't. Not all of them. It was just one, really.

REGINA:

One?

DOCTOR:

Kempton, he said his name was.

GORD:

Mother Regina, I have heard that name. He is the Deputy. He does not let truth stand in the way of an arrest.

ACE:

See!

(BEAT)

REGINA:

But you must be Free Parkers. We wish to find their base!

DOCTOR:

So does everyone, it appears.

REGINA:

We searched the system. The data on you was there, clear as day! We found it in minutes!

DOCTOR:

Doesn't that seem awfully easy?

REGINA:

Erm...

ACE:

Yeah, if everyone's working so hard to find Free Parkers, don't you think Free Parkers'd be a little bit harder to find?

(BEAT)

GORD:

They may have a point, Mother.

REGINA:

Yes. They may. Blast it! We were so close! I was certain it was time to stop the Free Parkers' rule of terror!

DOCTOR:

Ahem. If I might make a suggestion...

(BEAT)

REGINA:

Speak.

DOCTOR:

I am, as it happens, an expert at stopping 'rules of terror'. I could help you out... for a little more information...

GORD:

What sort of information?

DOCTOR:

Well, firstly... who exactly are you?

23. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (COWLEY'S OFFICE)

(MEL TYPES ON THE COMPUTER)

COWLEY:

I'm really not sure I should be letting you do that.

MEL:

Oh, you absolutely shouldn't be. I mean, you're Head Warden. And I've no authority whatsoever.

(THE COMPUTER BEEPS)

MEL:

But it seems I might have found something. These are the files about my friends and me, yes?

COWLEY:

Erm... yes?

MEL:

Good.

(SHE TAPS SOME MORE)

COWLEY:

How did you find that so quickly? You're not a registered user...

MEL:

I'm very good.

(SHE STOPS)

MEL:

Right, there's a record of the last edit. Lo and behold, that edit was someone marking us with this red flag.

COWLEY:

I see.

MEL:

Now I'm not sure of the relative chronology on Parking, but I'm willing to bet that the time of the edit, here - (TAPS THE SCREEN) - was while we were held in the cell.

COWLEY:

Ah... (LOOKS) It was. Actually it's only a couple of minutes before I saw it.

MEL:

Well, then. Are you beginning to accept that maybe someone was trying to frame us?

COWLEY:

...It does start to look like a distinct possibility.

MEL:

Was it the Deputy Head Warden who showed you the Red Flags?

COWLEY:

I think so, yes. Why do you ask?

MEL:

Because that suggests we've found our chief suspect.

COWLEY:

Kempton? That's ridiculous. Why would Kempton want to frame you?

MEL:

Beats me. We'd never met him before.

COWLEY:

He's a good man. Loyal. An excellent Parking Warden.

MEL:

Well, he's up to something.

COWLEY:

He's not. Or if he is, he must have had a good reason. Anyway, that's not his user code. Whoever was accessing these files was operating from somewhere else entirely.

MEL:

Really? Hmm. Still think he needs to answer some questions though. Don't you?

COWLEY:

I suppose - That's a point, actually. He should have been back by now. The emergency generator isn't that far away... Where's the man got to?

24. INT. SERAPHIM'S BAY

(A DEEPER LEVEL. DANK, ECHOEY, WATER DRIPPING. EMPTY. KEMPTON HURRYING OVER TO SERAPHIM — HER VOICE IS SLIGHTLY SYNTHETIC, BUT COULD PASS FOR HUMAN. ITS SLIGHTLY MUTED AS SHE SPEAKS FROM INSIDE A SHIP)

SERAPHIM:

At last, Kempton.

KEMPTON:

My apologies, Seraphim. We had a few issues at the Lodge. I got held up.

SERAPHIM:

Did you bring the key?

KEMPTON:

Of course. Here. It required a little subterfuge, its owner was rather disagreeable.

(HE STOPS)

KEMPTON:

Is that it?

SERAPHIM:

Your Robowardens brought it down here.

KEMPTON:

Not especially impressive, is it? A battered blue box.

SERAPHIM:

You would do well not to criticise.

KEMPTON:

I'm not criticising, it's just not what I was expecting.

SERAPHIM:

The outer appearance is unimportant. This box is one of the greatest intelligences ever to have landed on parking.

KEMPTON:

If you say so.

SERAPHIM:

Open it.

KEMPTON:

Alright.

(KEMPTON PUTS THE KEY IN THE DOOR. TRIES TO TURN IT)

SERAPHIM:

(BEAT) Quickly, Kempton.

KEMPTON:

(EFFORT) I'm going as fast as I can, Seraphim. It's tricky... it's not really... turning...

SERAPHIM:

You are an inferior being...

KEMPTON:

(EFFORT) I'm doing my... best - (HE GIVES UP) Ah. No. That's it. Sorry, I don't think I can do this.

SERAPHIM:

What? You must continue!

KEMPTON:

It's not that simple. The lock might look straightforward from there, but... there's got to be a... knack... or a trick, or something. It really isn't moving.

SERAPHIM:

No one would make a lock that could not be opened.

KEMPTON:

A particularly powerful intelligence might. If they didn't want to be disturbed.

(BEAT)

SERAPHIM:

You met the one who claims ownership of this being?

KEMPTON:

Well, yes.

SERAPHIM:

He must know the method of access. Bring him here.

KEMPTON:

Really? How am I supposed to do that? I've no idea where he is.

SERAPHIM:

Find a way.

KEMPTON:

I'm due to initiate the next phase any moment -

SERAPHIM:

Multi-task.

KEMPTON:

(SIGHS) Of course, Seraphim. Whatever you say, Seraphim. I'll see what I can do.

25. INT. DUCTING (TRIBAL LAIR)

(THE DOCTOR, ACE, REGINA AND HER TRIBE SIT AROUND A FIRE)

REGINA:

Our ancestors came to this world many centuries ago. They had not intended to settle and yet they did.

ACE:

Really? Seems an odd place to set up shop.

REGINA:

Like I say, it was not their plan.

DOCTOR:

So what precisely was their plan?

REGINA:

The First Fathers... the originators... The story tells of them coming here, in a spaceship. They had intended to... 'see the sights' as they put it.

DOCTOR:

Makes sense.

ACE:

And, what, they didn't fancy it when they arrived?

REGINA:

Oh, no. They 'fancied it'. They travelled to the planet below, precisely as they had wished.

ACE:

So, yeah... I don't follow.

REGINA:

They enjoyed their visit. But on their return they were struck by a great and terrible tragedy. A woeful loss almost too painful to bear. (BEAT) They had no idea where they had parked.

ACE:

Right, I see where this is going.

DOCTOR:

(SCOLDING) Ace...

REGINA:

It was the early days of Parking, and the Wardens had underestimated the complexities of a visit. There was no help easily available to the disorientated. No information screens, no clear maps. Many were lost in those early days. Some took weeks to find their spaceships. Some years. Some got so lost they never left at all.

ACE:

You're kidding, right?

REGINA:

No. Why should I be?

DOCTOR:

Societies can develop in very unusual places, Ace. You must know someone who found it hard remembering where they'd parked in an ordinary multi-storey. Obviously it's harder to remember where you left your ship when the lots are the size of a continent.

ACE:

Yeah, that's not the bit I'm struggling with. How did they survive? I mean, this planet's hardly designed as a comfortable living space.

DOCTOR:

There must be some accommodation here. For the staff.

REGINA:

Precisely. They had money. At least to start. Enough for food and to barter for lodging.

DOCTOR:

But it ran out?

REGINA:

All too soon. Our ancestors went roaming through the many levels of this world, forgetting who they were. What they needed they stole or scavenged.

ACE:

And they just got away with it?

REGINA:

The Wardens tried to stop them. But the Wardens did not expect this, they were not trained. And a planet is a very large place to hide.

DOCTOR:

So you became a minor nuisance, an itch they couldn't scratch.

REGINA:

Over the years, our ancestors gathered more of the dispossessed to them. A people built up. My people. My tribe. The Tribe of the Lost. As you see now.

DOCTOR:

Yes. I do.

REGINA:

This place will not last long. Soon the Wardens will uncover it and we will move on. It shall not be a problem. We are, at heart, nomadic.

ACE:

And it's just you? Just the one tribe?

REGINA:

We are the largest. Some smaller groups dwell on other continents. There is a religious sect that broke away. They believe the first lost ship is our creator, and walk this world trying to find it, sure that when it is discovered our true purpose will be revealed.

DOCTOR:

I've seen more unusual ideologies.

REGINA:

And recently a few of our brethren left to pursue their own particular crusade.

DOCTOR:

Ah. Would I be correct in assuming that they're known as... 'Free Parkers'?

REGINA:

You would.

DOCTOR:

Now we're getting somewhere. Tell me about them.

26. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (COWLEY'S OFFICE)

(COWLEY AND MEL IN CONFERENCE)

COWLEY:

The Free Parkers are a group that splintered off from some of the homeless tribes we have living on Parking.

MEL:

The ones you say call themselves the Tribes of the Lost?

COWLEY:

Exactly. After years of us trying to clear them out of the infrastructure, some decided enough was enough. They wanted to be recognised as a native population. They wanted independence.

MEL:

Like squatter's rights?

COWLEY:

In a nutshell.

MEL:

They want a free Parking. Of course.

27. INT. DUCTING (TRIBAL LAIR)

(REGINA CONTINUES HER STORY)

REGINA:

Initially they were disorganised. A rag-tag rabble of little import, their actions limited to vandalism or graffiti. Sometimes, a few of our more hot-headed youths would leave to join them, but we never thought them a threat. A danger.

DOCTOR:

So what changed?

REGINA:

They did. All of a sudden they had a new purpose, a new vigour. Suddenly their activities leapt from mere civic disruption to violence. And murder.

28. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (COWLEY'S OFFICE)

MEL:

Murder?

COWLEY:

A full blown insurgency. Several spaceships parked here were blown up the moment they took off.

MEL:

Bombs?

COWLEY:

No. Witness reports suggested that the selfdrive systems made the engines run out of control.

MEL:

I see.

COWLEY:

People are dying. We weren't prepared for that. We're just here to provide a service to our customers. Issue the occasional ticket. Not fight a war.

MEL:

And you're sure these Free Parkers are responsible?

COWLEY:

That's another thing from the witness reports. The last words the self-drives say before the ships explode. 'Free Parking'. 'Free Parking' over and over again.

29. INT. DUCTING

ACE:

Sounds pretty conclusive.

REGINA:

They will not stop until they achieve their desire. A free and independent Parking. They care little for who is hurt. The Wardens tar us all with the same brush. Hunt us down as if all are responsible. We wish to find them. Persuade them to cease their atrocities and restore peace to our world.

DOCTOR:

Then I believe we're on the same side.

ACE:

We're big fans of peace. And well good at restoring it.

DOCTOR:

So first things first. Time to meet them for a chat.

GORD:

A chat? Ha! The Free Parkers do not 'chat'!

REGINA:

Yes, I do not wish to seem ungrateful, Doctor, but if we as denizens of this world have been unable to locate them, what chance do two strangers have?

ACE:

More than you'd think.

DOCTOR:

What we need is an area visitors rarely use, but the Free Parkers are known to frequent.

GORD:

The Orange Zone? Bay epsilon? I rarely see ships docked there.

REGINA:

It fits. But why, Doctor? Why do you need to know this?

DOCTOR:

Because it's somewhere we can cause an explosion without any casualties. You see, if you're struggling to find someone, the best idea is not to look. You let them... find you.

30. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (COWLEY'S OFFICE)

MEL:

The problem's with the self-drive systems...

COWLEY:

As far as we can tell, yes. They drive the engines up to the point of explosion.

MEL:

I can't imagine the Free Parkers could have actually broken into the ships. Not with the level of security you have around here.

COWLEY:

It's one of our guarantees. Your craft will remain where you left it. The doors are stasis locked, and the vehicle clamped. You can't get back in unless you've paid. So potential thieves have no chance at all.

MEL:

And with the amount of cameras everywhere, they'd be caught on the CCTV if they even tried.

COWLEY:

Exactly.

MEL:

So they have to be accessing them remotely. And if that is what they're doing, we should be able to find some trace of their control signal. Or some entry point in the computer systems.

COWLEY:

Should we? Well, I wouldn't know about that.

MEL:

No, but I do. Time to get looking.

31. INT. CONCOURSE

(ACE WANDERING AROUND A REASONABLY QUIET AREA. TAPS HER EAR)

ACE:

Hello? Testing, testing, one, two -

DOCTOR:

(EARPIECE DISTORT) Coming through loud and clear. Can you hear me?

ACE:

Like you're in the same room.

DOCTOR:

(DISTORT) Do you have the target?

ACE:

If you mean 'can I see I the bin?', yeah, I do.

DOCTOR:

(DISTORT) And nobody's around?

ACE:

Not that I can see. Is the tracker working?

DOCTOR:

(DISTORT) Seemingly so. Now remember. All sound and no fury, yes?

ACE:

I know. When've I ever let you down?

DOCTOR:

(DISTORT) Do you want me to answer that?

ACE:

Probably not.

DOCTOR:

(DISTORT) Even with no-one around I'd prefer to avoid unnecessary risks.

ACE:

Gotcha. Yes. All sound, no fury. On it. Over and out.

(SHE WHISTLES NONCHALANTLY AND CROSSES THE CONCOURSE)

32. INT. DUCTING (TRIBAL LAIR) (CONTINUOUS)

(A COMPUTER BEEPS IN THE BACKGROUND. THE DOCTOR SWITCHES OFF THE COMMUNICATOR)

REGINA:

You trust this woman?

DOCTOR:

With my life.

REGINA:

And she can do what you say?

DOCTOR:

If you want something exploding, Ace should be the first person you call. Keep tracking her.

(GORD TAPS THE BEEPING COMPUTER SCREEN)

GORD:

We have a strong signal. If they take her, we will know.

DOCTOR:

Good.

GORD:

And we can watch what happens with our CCTV hack...

DOCTOR:

For a nomadic tribe, you're awfully well equipped.

REGINA:

We have to be, to remain free. Doctor, the Robowardens will also hear the explosion. She must keep ahead of them..

DOCTOR:

Oh, I wouldn't worry about that.

33. INT. CONCOURSE

(ACE SAUNTERING)

ACE:

(SOTTO) Three... two... one...

(A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, A BIN EXPLODES)

ACE:

Still got it! (SHOUTS OUT) Free Parking!

(SHE RACES OFF AS AN ALERT RINGS OUT)

34. INT. DUCTING (TRIBAL LAIR)

(THE BEEPING CHANGES PACE)

GORD:

She's on the move.

DOCTOR:

Good, let's see if they take the bait...

35. INT. CONCOURSE

(ACE RACES ACROSS THE CONCOURSE, THE ALERT FADING INTO THE BACKGROUND)

ACE:

Free Parking! Free Parking! Free —

(A ROBOWARDEN GLIDES OUT IN FRONT OF HER)

ROBOWARDEN:

Stop! You have committed an act of civil disobedience.

ACE:

Too right. But thanks for telling me. Did you think I wouldn't notice?

ROBOWARDEN:

You will come with me.

ACE:

(RUNNING OFF) Don't think so!

(SHE RUNS THE OTHER WAY. THE ROBOWARDENS' ARMAMENTS CRACKLE)

ROBOWARDEN:

Stop! Or you will be subdued!

(IT GLIDES AFTER HER)

36. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (COWLEY'S OFFICE)

(THE COMPUTER BEEPS AS MEL WORKS)

MEL:

You've got a new message...

COWLEY:

Ooh. Let me see. Maybe Kempton's signing back in...

(SHE TAPS SOME KEYS)

MEL:

Bit odd him vanishing, isn't it? Do you still think he's not involved?

COWLEY:

I'd prefer to keep an open mind.

(A FILE POPS UP ON SCREEN)

COWLEY:

Ah. No. Just a minor fire in an unoccupied zone. A Robowarden's dealing with it. Sorry. Do continue.

(MEL RETURNS TO WORK)

COWLEY:

Found anything?

MEL:

Maybe. These are the times and places where the ships were sabotaged, yes?

COWLEY:

I'll take your word for it.

MEL:

Well, this spike here – (TAPS SCREEN) – suggests there was a signal beamed to them shortly before the incident. From the look of the wave, I'd guess a kind of computer virus.

COWLEY:

The self-drives were infected?

MEL:

And sort of... driven mad, yes.

COWLEY:

Well, that gives us the how...

MEL:

It might just give us the who and why too. If I can trace the signal back —

COWLEY:

You could find out who sent it?

MEL:

It's a possibility.

COWLEY:

Then do you want to do that then?

MEL:

Way ahead of you.

(SHE KEEPS TYPING)

37. INT. CONCOURSE

(ACE RUNNING, A ROBOWARDEN SOME WAY BEHIND)

ACE:

Free Parking! Free Parking!

ROBOWARDEN:

(OFF) Stop! Stop now!

ACE:

(CALLING BACK) Does that ever work? People just stop when you ask them to?

(A CAR IS APPROACHING, FAST. SUDDENLY, ANOTHER ROBOWARDEN APPEARS AHEAD OF ACE, WEAPONS BRISTLING)

ROBOWARDEN 2:

Stop! Or you will be subdued!

ACE:

Uh-oh.

(THE CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT. DUNNE, DRIVING, OPENS THE DOOR)

DUNNE:

Get in! Now!

ACE:

Don't have to ask me twice.

(SHE CLAMBERS IN)

ROBOWARDEN 2:

No! Do not enter that vehicle!

ACE:

You robots have way too much faith in asking politely. Step on it, sunshine!

(DUNNE FLOORS THE ACCELERATOR. THE CAR ROARS AWAY. THE ROBOWARDEN BLASTS AT IT)

38. INT. DUCTING (TRIBAL LAIR)

(THE BEEP MOVES RAPIDLY)

DOCTOR:

Looks like they've taken the bait.

REGINA:

Assuming it is the Free Parkers.

GORD:

They are heading for bay Epsilon.

DOCTOR:

Then that may be where we'll find their base. How quickly can we get there?

REGINA:

We know many short cuts through the infrastructure of Parking. If bay Epsilon is where they are going, we can easily head them off...

DOCTOR:

Then why are we wasting time discussing it! Let's go!

REGINA:

My people! We have found our foe. We must head for glory!

TRIBE:

(CHEERS)

(THEY RACE OFF)

39. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (COWLEY'S OFFICE)

(MEL OPERATING CONTROLS)

MEL:

Well, I can't be more specific, but it seems the virus signal is being transmitted from this area...

COWLEY:

The lower levels?

MEL:

If that's what they are.

COWLEY:

They're almost entirely disused. The bigger this operation's got, the more storeys we've had to build. You know, better quality bays, improved facilities. A general design upgrade.

MEL:

But the lower levels are still accessible?

COWLEY:

People still park there, but only really as an overflow. Holiday periods, special events, that kind of thing.

MEL:

The Doctor said this was the off-season. Who'd be down there now?

(THE SCREEN FLARES)

COWLEY:

What was that?

MEL:

The virus. It's being transmitted again!

40. INT. BAY

(DUNNE'S CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT. HE CLAMBERS OUT, ACE FOLLOWING. HE CROSSES THE BAY)

DUNNE:

One of Vartell's lot are you?

ACE:

Never heard of him.

DUNNE:

Crosby?

ACE:

I'm sort of... freelance.

DUNNE:

Well, wherever you're from, if you really want free Parking, you'd better work with us. You can't just go blowing up stuff willy-nilly. You've got to have a plan!

ACE:

Maybe I need someone to teach me. Someone with resources. I mean, not everyone here has a car.

DUNNE:

Yeah, we stole that off a trucker. We're through here. About twenty of us - To enter, flick the third light socket along -

(HE FLICKS A LIGHT SOCKET. THE DOOR OPENS)

DUNNE:

Like that. Come on. You'll be safe here.

(THEY STEP THROUGH)

41. INT. FREE PARKERS' BASE (CONTINUOUS)

(THEY ENTER. AN ENORMOUS FIGHT'S OCCURRING — THE TRIBE VERSUS THE FREE PARKERS. CONTINUES THROUGHOUT.)

REGINA:

There! Dare you think you can fight me, youngling? Yargh!

(SHE PUNCHES A GUY OUT)

ACE:

Safe? Mate, you need a dictionary.

DUNNE:

What in - ?

(ACE KICKS HIS LEGS OUT FROM UNDER HIM)

DUNNE:

Ungh!

ACE:

Yeah, sorry. It was a trap. And you fell for it. Literally.

DUNNE:

The Tribe of the Lost! How did they find us?

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING) Oh, I gave them a little hand with that.

ACE:

Bit violent for you, this, isn't it, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I couldn't stop them. We turned up and all hell broke loose. I think they had something of a grudge. But now we've achieved our objective... (HE CLAPS HIS HANDS AND CALLS OUT) Regina! Regina, please, that will do!

REGINA:

What?

DOCTOR:

I said that will do. I think you've won.

REGINA:

I — Yes. You may be right. We need not damage our knuckles further. My people. Enough!

(THE FIGHTS ALL STOP)

REGINA:

Gord. Secure them.

GORD:

Yes, my Queen.

(THE TRIBE DRAG THE FREE PARKERS AWAY AS REGINA APPROACHES THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

Join us. Do you recognise this chap?

REGINA:

(BEAT) The face is familiar. Dunne, yes? Continent M? I heard you had caught an ill wind.

DUNNE:

Did the Wardens put you up to this? You idiots, reckon you'll get better treatment by dobbing us in? They'll come for you next.

REGINA:

We take no orders from Wardens!

DOCTOR:

We don't want to fight you.

DUNNE:

Looks like it.

DOCTOR:

We just want to parley. Make peace!

DUNNE:

Didn't know we were at war.

DOCTOR:

We want you to stop blowing up innocent tourists!

(BEAT)

DUNNE:

Innocent - ? (LAUGHS)

DOCTOR:

Oh, yes, very amusing. I know what you're going to say. That by virtue of coming here, they've declared a side, and are no longer innocent -

DUNNE:

Not that. You idiots! Those explosions have nothing to do with us!

DOCTOR:

Eh?

DUNNE:

We're the ones who are innocent.

ACE:

But you're the Free Parkers, yep?

DUNNE:

Oh yeah, that's us. But we haven't killed anyone. It's the Wardens, you see. They're the ones doing it. The Wardens!

42. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (COWLEY'S OFFICE)

(THE SCREEN FLARES REPEATEDLY, MEL TYPING RAPIDLY)

COWLEY:

Does this mean another ship is going to blow up?

MEL:

Not exactly.

COWLEY:

Right. (BEAT) If that's a virus, it's spiking an awful lot.

MEL:

That's because it isn't a virus. Not virus, singular.

COWLEY:

Not - ?

MEL:

There's more than one.

COWLEY:

Eh?

MEL:

They're targeting multiple ships. We're about to have quite a few explosions...

COWLEY:

But... we can't be. That's never happened before, it's always one at a time.

MEL:

Whoever they are, they've upped their game. And if I don't block this signal, we're going to have plenty of fatalities.

COWLEY:

Can you block it?

MEL:

I don't know. I'm trying.

43. INT. FREE PARKERS' BASE

DUNNE:

Why would we start blowing people up? It doesn't encourage negotiation. We'd been doing well enough with civil disobedience. Non-violent protest.

ACE:

Only got your word for that.

REGINA:

No, that is true. Some civil liberties groups back an independent Parking. Their campaign was proving successful.

DUNNE:

Acts of violence encourage retaliation. Make people angry. All they do is harm our cause.

DOCTOR:

You have a point. Peaceful action is usually more successful.

ACE:

So what would the Wardens have to gain from killing people? Why would they want to frame you?

DOCTOR:

Isn't it obvious? Because the Free Parking campaign is beginning to prove successful. This way the Wardens damage the Free Parkers' popularity, and are handed an opportunity to eliminate them in one fell swoop.

ACE:

I dunno. If those Wardens were a bit more organised I might buy it, but that lot'd struggle to blow up a balloon. You said it yourself, Doctor, they're not exactly formidable.

DOCTOR:

A good criminal would hardly present themselves as competent. That could be the perfect disguise.

REGINA:

'Could be'?

ACE:

You've got another idea?

(UNDER THE DOCTOR'S LINE, THE DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:

Yes. That something rather more sinister is happening here. And we've only just skimmed the surface.

(KEMPTON HAS ENTERED)

KEMPTON:

On the contrary, sir. You're in very deep waters indeed.

ACE:

Kempton!

REGINA:

You!

DOCTOR:

Oh no.

ACE:

So this was the trap!

DUNNE:

And you fell for it. You didn't really think you'd trick me so easily, did you?

KEMPTON:

I had Mr Dunne keep a look-out for you. He's done an excellent job.

DOCTOR:

So what happens now? We go back to the Lodge?

KEMPTON:

Oh, no, no, sir. We don't do that.

ACE:

But surely you're still going to arrest us?

KEMPTON:

I'm not sure you quite understand. I'm not really a Warden. I'm a Free Parker! I'm the leader of the Free Parkers!

44. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (COWLEY'S OFFICE)

(MEL TYPING RAPIDLY)

COWLEY:

Any luck?

MEL:

I think I can see the ships the virus is aiming for. I'm trying to put up a firewall, I just hope I've enough time to -

COMPUTER (SERAPHIM):

(VOICE A DIGITISED SERAPHIM) Free Parking.

MEL:

(STOPS TYPING) Uh-oh.

COMPUTER (SERAPHIM):

Free Parking.

COWLEY:

But this computer doesn't have a voice interface. (BEAT)

MEL:

I think we may have been spotted.

COMPUTER (SERAPHIM):

Free Parking! Free Parking! Free Parking!

COWLEY:

It doesn't have a self-drive either... (TAPS HER COMPUTER) But it is getting very hot...

MEL:

Get back!

(THEY DART BACK. THE COMPUTER EXPLODES IN A FURY OF SPARKS)

45. INT. FREE PARKERS BASE

DOCTOR:

Not really a Warden?

DUNNE:

We put him in the Lodge!

ACE:

Eh?

DOCTOR:

What?

KEMPTON:

Obviously, the Free Parkers couldn't have lasted this long without a spy. I was born on this planet! I'm a tribesman of Parking!

ACE:

You're one of the Lost? Don't sound like it.

KEMPTON:

Naturally, I had to adopt the more formal tones of the Wardens in order for my subterfuge to succeed, but my ancestors mislaid their ship on this world many decades ago. I'm as much a tribesman as anyone here.

DUNNE:

He joined the movement! Then infiltrated the lodge!

DOCTOR:

Tribesman turned warden?

ACE:

Other way round, more like. I don't buy it.

KEMPTON:

Mother Regina, please. Tell them! You know me.

ACE:

Regina?

REGINA:

I — I believe he speaks the truth, Doctor, yes. I know this man!

DOCTOR:

You do?

REGINA:

Of course. This pilgrim left our tribe some years back.

DOCTOR:
Pilgrim?

REGINA:
Back when he was with the tribe he was something of a runt. I did not think ever to see him again.

KEMPTON:
You see, sir? Mother Regina knows I'm being honest. If you don't trust me, maybe you'll trust her.

DOCTOR:
I don't know...

P.A. SYSTEM:
Free Parking!

(SILENCE)

DUNNE:
No.

REGINA:
Was that the P.A. system?

DOCTOR:
Sounded like it.

ACE:
What's happening?

REGINA:
Another attack.

KEMPTON:
Oh dear.

P.A. SYSTEM:
Free Parking! Free Parking! (REPEAT UNDER)

DOCTOR:
More than just one attack, from the sound of things...

ACE:
That's more than a single ship!

FURTHER P.A. SYSTEMS/COMPUTERS/SELF-DRIVES:
(DISTANT ECHO) Free Parking! Free Parking! Free Parking!

ACE:
Way more!

DUNNE:

D'you see? D'you see? Still reckon we're responsible?

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure it matters what I think. Someone's committing the biggest mass murder this planet's ever seen! Parking has declared war!

P.A. SYSTEMS (ETC):

Free Parking! Free Parking! Free Parking!

(THE DISTANT VOICES BUILD INTO A CACOPHONY — AND THEN A SERIES OF ALMIGHTY EXPLOSIONS LEADING INTO:)

(CLOSING THEME)

PART THREE

(OPENING THEME)

REPRISE:

DUNNE:

D'you see? D'you see? Still reckon we're responsible?

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure it matters what I think. Someone's committing the biggest mass murder this planet's ever seen! Parking declared war!

P.A. SYSTEMS (ETC):

Free Parking! Free Parking! Free Parking!

(THE DISTANT VOICES BUILD INTO A CACOPHONY — AND THEN A SERIES OF ALMIGHTY EXPLOSIONS)

CUT TO:

46. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (COWLEY'S OFFICE)

(THE COMPUTER FIZZES AND SPARKS. THE EXPLOSIONS ARE AUDIBLE OUTSIDE)

COWLEY:

(COUGHING)

MEL:

Are you alright?

COWLEY:

Just about. Fortunately there's only so much exploding a small computer can do...

(THE EXPLOSIONS CONTINUE OUTSIDE)

MEL:

Speaking of explosions, you hear that?

COWLEY:

That's an awful lot of them...

MEL:

Exactly. Sounds like a declaration of hostilities. Are there other computers in the Lodge?

COWLEY:

In central control.

MEL:

Then we need to see if whoever attacked us got them too.

(SHE HEADS OUT)

COWLEY:

But technically you're still under – Oh never mind.

(FOLLOWS MEL OUT)

47. INT. CONCOURSE

(PANIC. TOURISTS RUN AROUND SCREAMING AND CRYING)

TOURISTS:

What's happening?/Let's get out of here!/Run for your lives!
(ETC)

ROBOWARDEN:

Remain calm. Parking is experiencing technical difficulties.

(A SPACESHIP RISES NEARBY)

ROBOWARDEN:

Please do not leave. Normal working order will be restored shortly. (BEAT) Spaceship in bay 358, you are not authorised to depart.

TOURIST:

(IN THE SHIP) I'm not staying here!

SELFDRIVE:

(IN THE SHIP) Free Parking! Free Parking! Free Parking!

TOURIST:

(IN THE SHIP) What in - ?

(THE SHIP EXPLODES)

48. INT. FREE PARKERS' BASE

(DUNNE DARTS IN. OUTSIDE, EXPLOSIONS ECHO. THE FREE PARKING CHANTS ARE REPEATED OVER P.A. SYSTEMS AND SELFDRIVES)

KEMPTON:

Well, Mr Dunne? What's happening?

DUNNE:

Chaos! It's chaos out there! There are alarms going off all over the place. Dozens of ships just... gone. Everyone's panicking.

ACE:

Of course they are. Must have been a massacre!

DOCTOR:

One that's still going on from the sound of things.

REGINA:

They will blame us!

ACE:

We've got to stop it!

DOCTOR:

Yes, but how?

KEMPTON:

You might not know, sir. But I do.

DOCTOR:

You?

REGINA:

Doctor, surely you do not still distrust him! He was with us when the attacks took place!

DOCTOR:

I know. But I don't put anything past this man. I suspect he's playing a very clever game.

KEMPTON:

Which is why, with the greatest of respect, you're not going to be part of the solution. (HE DRAWS A GUN) Hands in the air, please.

ACE:

Did you have a gun before?

KEMPTON:

It's new. Mr Dunne, if you wouldn't mind freeing the rest of the movement, then locking this lot up, that would be appreciated.

DUNNE:

Sure.

(HE LEAVES)

KEMPTON:

I said in the air, please. You too, Mother Regina. And the rest of your tribe.

REGINA:

Us? But we are your people!

KEMPTON:

I'm afraid after siding with these two I'm not sure I can trust you.

REGINA:

Gah!

DOCTOR:

What are you planning on doing?

KEMPTON:

Well, sir, the Wardens have taken their schemes to the next level. The only way to stop things is to wipe them out. Completely.

49. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (CONTROL)

(PANIC. ALARMS BLARING EVERYWHERE. COMPUTERS PINGING. MEL AND COWLEY RUN IN)

WARDENS WILDTRACK:

Twenty down! Thirty down!/Try to keep everyone calm/Casualty numbers – rising!/Have the Robowardens contain the situation/What on Parking are we supposed to do! (ETC)

COWLEY:

Alright, everybody, calm down! I'm here.

(THE WARDENS DON'T CALM DOWN)

COWLEY:

I suppose that was a long shot.

(MEL RACES TO A COMPUTER TERMINAL)

MEL:

At least the computers are still active.

(SHE STARTS TYPING. COWLEY DOES THE SAME ON ANOTHER TERMINAL)

COWLEY:

I can send a signal out...

MEL:

A signal?

COWLEY:

I have to accept that this situation exceeds my capabilities. I need help..

MEL:

Help? You can't mean –

COWLEY:

Galactic Heritage.

MEL:

You really think that'll calm things down?

COWLEY:

Can't make them worse, can it?

MEL:

I wouldn't bet on that.

(COWLEY FINISHES)

COWLEY:

There. Message sent. Fingers crossed. (BEAT) What are you doing?

MEL:

(STOPS TYPING) Getting up to speed. People are trying to abandon Parking. Just getting in their ships and flying off.

COWLEY:

Which is... alright, surely? Gets them out of harm's way.

MEL:

Not really, the ships explode on launch.

COWLEY:

Oh.

MEL:

Maybe if I lock down the planet. (SHE STARTS TYPING AGAIN) Seal the bays. If the ships can't take off, they can't blow up.

COWLEY:

That sounds good.

MEL:

It would be if I could do it. It's proving rather harder than I'd expected. (STOPS TYPING) You know, I think someone's put an override in the system to make it impossible. They're way ahead of us.

COWLEY:

They always have been.

MEL:

So we need something else, something they won't have thought of... (BEAT) The teleport.

COWLEY:

What about it?

MEL:

Would we be able to use the teleport to send the remaining visitors down to Dashrah? They'd be safe there.

COWLEY:

Um... I don't see why not.

MEL:

Then it's worth a try. Where are the teleport controls?

COWLEY:

Well, not here, they're at the teleport station.

MEL:

So to get to them we're going to have to head through the concourse? And all the explosions?

COWLEY:

I'm afraid so.

(BEAT)

MEL:

Better get on with it then.

(THEY HEAD OUT)

50. INT. FREE PARKERS' BASE

(DUNNE APPROACHES KEMPTON)

DUNNE:

They're locked up.

KEMPTON:

And good riddance. Trouble-makers all.

DUNNE:

So why did you want us to track them down?

KEMPTON:

To get them out of our hair, obviously. With that lot stored away, we can get on with the real business unhindered.

DUNNE:

Which is?

KEMPTON:

Come with me.

(HE LEADS DUNNE OUTSIDE. INTO:)

51. EXT. PARKING BAY (CONTINUOUS)

(THEY EMERGE)

DUNNE:

Crates? These weren't here before...

KEMPTON:

I had them delivered.

DUNNE:

What's inside?

KEMPTON:

Take a look.

(DUNNE TILTS A LID OFF)

DUNNE:

No.

KEMPTON:

Guns, Mr Dunne. Lots and lots of guns.

52. INT. PARKING CONCOURSE

(MEL RACING THROUGH THE CONCOURSE, COWLEY FOLLOWING. THEY'RE DARTING THROUGH PANICKING CROWDS — SCREAMING, RUNNING, CRYING. SHIPS EXPLODE FROM TIME TO TIME)

MEL:

Come on, Cowley! Keep up! The sooner we get to the teleport station the sooner we can save all these people..

COWLEY:

(TIRED) Sorry, I'm just not... used to this level of exertion... I thought this was going to be a desk job..

MEL:

Well, it's suddenly got a lot more active. This way..

COWLEY:

Is it? In all this confusion, I've rather lost track..

MEL:

It definitely is.

COWLEY:

But you've only been here once. How can you remember?

MEL:

Because I do.

53. INT. TELEPORT BAY (CONTINUOUS)

(MEL AND COWLEY RACE IN. THE EXPLOSIONS AND PANIC ARE A LITTLE MORE REMOVED)

MEL:

Right. These look like teleport controls.

COWLEY:

That's them, yes.

(MEL TAPS A SCREEN, MINORITY REPORT STYLE. IT BINGS.)

MEL:

And they're still active. Good.

(SHE STARTS TAPPING THE SCREEN AGAIN)

MEL:

Kempton said we were scanned the moment we arrived. Is that standard procedure?

COWLEY:

For the last few centuries, yes. Everyone that arrives is computer-registered to park.

MEL:

Then if I can connect the transmat systems to the biodata, I should be able to beam everyone down to the planet surface..

COWLEY:

Not quite everyone. We don't scan the Wardens. And the tribes pre-date the system.

MEL:

Well, better than nothing. Oh, and best if I remove Ace, the Doctor and me from the register..

COWLEY:

You're not planning on escaping?

MEL:

Trust me. If there is a situation on this planet, and I'm pretty certain there is, we're the best people to be dealing with it. You want us here.

COWLEY:

I'm beginning to suspect I do.

MEL:

Let's see how fast your computers are. (SHE CONTINUES TAPPING)

54. INT. FREE PARKERS' BASE

(KEMPTON ADDRESSES THE FREE PARKERS. STILL THE ODD DISTANT EXPLOSION)

FREE PARKERS WILDTRACK:
(SOME CHATTER)

KEMPTON:

My brethren. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I believe a few words must be said. This latest atrocity by the Wardens is, quite frankly, beyond the pale. They clearly intend using these attacks as justification for wiping us out, and don't care what carnage they leave behind. So I ask you – are you going to stand for that?

FREE PARKERS WILDTRACK:
No!

KEMPTON:

Precisely. Their attempts to frame us have gone too far.

CROSS TO:

55. INT. LARDER (CONTINUOUS)

(CRAMPED SPACE. THE DOCTOR, ACE, REGINA AND THE TRIBE ARE INSIDE. THE DOCTOR STRUGGLES WITH HIS BINDINGS AS KEMPTON CONTINUES TALKING OUTSIDE)

[**KEMPTON:**

Their continual attempts to blacken and besmirch our good name and turn the Free Parkers into a scapegoat for their crimes cannot be tolerated. We are a good people. A proud people. And we deserve better than that! We deserve freedom! Free Parking!

FREE PARKERS:

Free Parking! Free Parking!]

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Just a little longer.

ACE:

(SOTTO) I thought you said you learnt this off Houdini?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Well, he had to keep some secrets.

REGINA:

(SOTTO) Hurry! Then untie the rest of us!

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Yes, that is the... plan... (HE CONTINUES WORKING)

56. INT. FREE PARKERS' BASE (CONTINUOUS)

KEMPTON:

You can only push someone so far before they start pushing back. If the Wardens want a war, then it's high time we gave them one.

FREE PARKERS WILDTRACK:

Agreed/Hear hear!/Yeah, I suppose. (ETC)

KEMPTON:

I've managed to obtain armaments from a few haulage ships. So now, friends, I suggest it's time to take the fight to them! What do you say?

(AWKWARD PAUSE)

KEMPTON:

I'm sorry, are we agreed?

DUNNE:

Yeah, look... this was all supposed to be non-violent.

KEMPTON:

I know, Mr Dunne. I know. But that was a while ago and things have changed. Mark my words, if we don't stop them now, they'll come for us. I've seen the way they work, it's kill or be killed. Which would you prefer?

DUNNE:

Well... kill, I suppose, but -

KEMPTON:

Exactly. So march, my people, march! To the Wardens' Lodge! Now!

FREE PARKERS WILDTRACK:

(CHEERS)

KEMPTON:

Free Parking!

FREE PARKERS WILDTRACK:

Free Parking!

(THE FREE PARKERS START MARCHING OFF)

DUNNE:

What, you're not coming with us?

KEMPTON:

Me? No, of course not. I've got to run misinformation. Or you won't have a shot at reaching them.

DUNNE:

I suppose.

KEMPTON:

You're a good fellow, Mr Dunne. You're more than capable of pulling this off on your own. Have faith.

DUNNE:

Right. Yes. I will. (BEAT) Free Parking!

KEMPTON:

Free Parking.

(DUNNE JOINS THE CROWDS. AS THEY GO, KEMPTON CROSSES TO A DOOR)

KEMPTON:

Now what was that doorcode... Ah yes.

(HE STARTS TYPING A CODE. CROSS TO:)

57. INT. LARDER (CONTINUOUS)

DOCTOR:

(HE BREAKS FREE) Aha! There we go! Free at last.

(THE DOOR OPENS. KEMPTON ENTERS)

... Or maybe not.

KEMPTON:

How are we all? Sorry it's a little cramped in here. They don't have actual cells, I think this is probably the larder...

ACE:

Oh, we're... getting by.

KEMPTON:

I'm glad to – Oh you've untied yourself. That's a little cheeky, isn't it, sir?

DOCTOR:

Can't blame a Doctor for trying.

KEMPTON:

As it happens, it's not terribly problematic. Because you're coming with me.

DOCTOR:

Really? Why would I want to do that?

KEMPTON:

Because I still have a gun, and you still have friends. I think we'd both rather that didn't change.

DOCTOR:

Behind me, Ace.

ACE:

I'm not scared of him. I've eaten worse than this bloke for breakfast.

DOCTOR:

Please, Ace. For once, do as I say.

ACE:

(BEAT) Alright, if you insist. (ACE STEPS BEHIND HIM)

KEMPTON:

Happy now?

DOCTOR:

Not especially.

KEMPTON:

There's very little point in resisting. This'll all be over soon. I've armed the Free Parkers and sent them to the Wardens' Lodge. I suspect there'll be quite a big fight shortly.

REGINA:

No!

GORD:

But that will not aid our cause!

REGINA:

It will only lead to escalation!

KEMPTON:

(SARCASTIC) Really? I hadn't thought of that. (BEAT) Come along, sir. Be reasonable. I just want to take you to the lower levels. I've a friend I'd like you to meet.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

Very well, Mr Kempton. It looks like we're going on a journey.

KEMPTON:

Excellent. If you'll follow me, sir. The rest of you... wait here.

(HE LEADS THE DOCTOR OUT, LOCKING THE DOOR BEHIND)

REGINA:

I do not know why he locks us in when we are still bound.

ACE:

Are we?

(BEAT)

GORD:

Your hands. They are free!

ACE:

Yeah, you didn't really think the Doctor got me to stand behind him for my protection, did you?

REGINA:

But we are still locked in here.

ACE:

Ways and means, Regina. Ways and means.

58. INT. TELEPORT STATION

(AN EXPLOSION VERY CLOSE)

COWLEY:

Oh my goodness... That was too close.

MEL:

Don't worry, I'm nearly done. I just need a few... more...

(AS A SHIP LAUNCHES NEARBY SHE THROWS A SWITCH. A WHIRR OF ENERGY SOMEWHERE NEARBY FOLLOWED BY MORE AND MORE WHIRRS OF ENERGY AS THE PANICKING POPULACE ARE TELEPORTED TO THE SURFACE. THE SOUNDS OF PANIC GET LESS AND LESS)

TOURISTS WILDTRACK:

(WILD) Hey, what's happening?/Mum where you gone?/What are we-?
(ETC)

MEL:

That's sounding pretty successful.

COWLEY:

They're going! Everybody's vanishing!

MEL:

Let me see.

(MEL TAPS MORE CONTROLS. THE SYSTEM BEEPS)

MEL:

Yes – the computer's registering a sudden increase in life traces on Dashrah!

COWLEY:

You did it! Wonderful! Just wonderful! Maybe I won't get fired now...

(THE CONCOURSE IS ALMOST SILENT, BAR SOME FIRE ALARMS RINGING, THE SHIP THAT JUST LAUNCHED IS BEGINNING TO LURCH ABOUT)

MEL:

Um... that ship there.

COWLEY:

The one that just launched?

MEL:

Does it look like it's headed towards us?

COWLEY:

Yes. Yes, it does.

MEL:

I just teleported the pilot away. It must be out of control!

COWLEY:

Then we have to get out of here! Run!

(THEY RUN OUT OF THE BACK OF THE TELEPORT STATION AS THE LURCHING SHIP LOOMS LOUDER TOWARDS THEM — AND THEN SMASHES INTO THE BOOTH)

59. INT. FREE PARKERS' BASE

(SILENCE FOR A MOMENT. THEN THE LARDER DOOR EXPLODES OUTWARDS. ACE AND THE TRIBE EMERGE THROUGH THE SMOKE)

ACE:

Obviously, I didn't use up all my explosives on that bin. I'm not an idiot.

REGINA:

(COUGHING) No, you are truly not! You are a wise woman!

ACE:

Wouldn't go that far. (BEAT) Is it just me or has it got an awful lot quieter out there?

REGINA:

I hear no explosions...

GORD:

The attacks have ceased?

ACE:

From the sounds of it. Just hope that doesn't mean things are getting worse...

(SHE CHECKS THE CRATES)

ACE:

Still a few weapons left in these crates...

(SHE FISHES AROUND INSIDE, WITHDRAWS A GUN)

ACE:

Here, Regina, catch.

(SHE TOSSES IT OVER. REGINA CATCHES)

REGINA:

What is this?

ACE:

Laser pistol from the looks of things.

GORD:

And we are to use these to stop the Free Parkers?

ACE:

In a nutshell, yes.

REGINA:

But we are a peaceful people. We do not know how to operate these weapons.

ACE:

Which is exactly the way I like it. I'm not suggesting you shoot them, they're as out of their depth as you are. They don't deserve to get killed any more than the tourists do.

GORD:

So what are we to do with these devices?

ACE:

They're a deterrent! We turn up, armed to the teeth, you seriously reckon that lot are going to keep going? We'll frighten them off, they're not ready for a confrontation. They might think they are, but they're not.

REGINA:

This sounds a risky plan.

ACE:

On a day like today, any plan's a risk. If we want to save lives, it's a risk we've got to take. Tool up! Let's go stop a war!

60. INT. LOWER LEVELS

(DANK, DRIPPING. A LIFT DESCENDS. STOPS. THE DOORS OPEN. COWLEY AND THE DOCTOR EMERGE)

DOCTOR:

So these are the lower levels, eh? Can't say I like what you've done with them. Does no-one on this planet hire interior decorators?

KEMPTON:

There's only so pretty a parking lot need be, sir. This way.

(THEY WALK THROUGH THE BAY)

DOCTOR:

Not much down here. In fact I might even call it empty... Makes me wonder why you brought me... You said I had someone to meet?

KEMPTON:

And you will, sir. In time.

DOCTOR:

Is it far? Only I didn't bring my hiking boots.

KEMPTON:

Just a few minutes.

DOCTOR:

Oh. Well then, if we've got time, perhaps you'd be willing to fill me in on your dastardly plans?

KEMPTON:

I'm not obliged to tell you anything, sir.

DOCTOR:

Then how about I fill them in for you. The Free Parkers think the Wardens are behind the bombings. And the Wardens think the Free Parkers are. They're both sort of right, aren't they? Because you're a Warden and a Free Parker, and it's all down to you, yes?

KEMPTON:

I really couldn't say, sir.

DOCTOR:

You're playing both sides against each other, am I right? Encouraging them to go to war. The only question now is 'why'? To what end?

KEMPTON:

It'll all become clear in time. Come along.

61. INT. PARKING CONCOURSE

(THE TELEPORT STATION'S IN FLAMES. FIRE ALARMS NEARBY. MEL AND COWLEY PULL THEMSELVES TOGETHER)

MEL:

(COUGHING) You know, there are altogether too many explosions today...

COWLEY:

(COUGHING) Now you know how I've felt for months... Looks like we're going to need a new teleport station when this all blows over...

MEL:

Assuming it does. Shame. The teleport might have been useful if the rest of us needed to get away.

COWLEY:

At least the customers are safe now.

MEL:

We should get back to the Lodge. There must be something there I can use to locate the Doctor and Ace. Then we can work out whatever's happening on Parking and stop it.

(A ROBOWARDEN GLIDES BY SOME WAY OFF)

COWLEY:

Ah. A Robowarden. I'll have it clear this up. Don't want the fire getting out of control. You there!

(IT STARTS APPROACHING)

ROBOWARDEN:

Head Warden.

COWLEY:

Yes, I was wondering if you could give me a hand —

ROBOWARDEN:

I was sent to find you. Free Parking.

(BEAT)

COWLEY:

Sorry?

MEL:

Oh no.

ROBOWARDEN:

Free Parking. Free Parking.

(ITS WEAPONS BRISTLE. MEL AND COWLEY START BACKING AWAY)

MEL:

These things don't have lethal weaponry do they?

COWLEY:

Well, in theory, no, just enough to stun unruly customers or people who get a ticket. The company prefers we don't kill visitors. It's usually bad for business.

MEL:

I can imagine. You said 'in theory'?

COWLEY:

I won't lie. That does sound like quite an extreme level of power. The very highest setting. A short dose wouldn't kill you but I doubt a sustained burst would be healthy...

(THE ROBOWARDEN IS REALLY CLOSE NOW, WEAPONS BRISTLING LOUDLY)

ROBOWARDEN:

Free Parking! Free Parking!

MEL:

Never rains but it pours, does it? (RUNNING) Run!

(THEY PEG IT)

62. INT. LOWER LEVELS

(THE DOCTOR AND KEMPTON WALKING ALONG)

DOCTOR:

Regina called you a pilgrim. Why was that?

KEMPTON:

I'm afraid you'd have to ask her.

DOCTOR:

But I'm asking you. And she's not here. Come on, what harm is there in satisfying my curiosity?

(BEAT)

KEMPTON:

I used to be keeper of the sacred text, sir.

DOCTOR:

Sacred text?

KEMPTON:

The holy book of the tribe. The writings, words and pictures of the very first people to be lost on Parking. Preserved for centuries.

DOCTOR:

Ah. So you were religious.

KEMPTON:

I was a sickly child. Of little use in foraging. Or so I was told. Often. I found comfort in the words of the scripture. So that was where I focused my attention. And where my mind was opened.

DOCTOR:

What sort of stuff was in there?

KEMPTON:

Hypercards. Diary entries. Parking receipts. All glued into its pages.

DOCTOR:

More of a scrap book than a bible.

KEMPTON:

Oh, I know it doesn't sound like much, sir. But it did all add up to a greater whole. Between its covers you could find the entire history and origin of our tribe.

DOCTOR:

Your Genesis.

KEMPTON:

If you like. I studied it for years. And the more I studied it, the more I saw. The clues within the text. The secret story hidden away.

DOCTOR:

Oh?

KEMPTON:

I became convinced that through careful reading it might be possible to identify the original landing point of the first ship. The long lost creator of our people.

DOCTOR:

If you use the word 'creator' rather loosely...

KEMPTON:

It had to be on the lower levels. They're the oldest part of the planet. All it needed was for somebody to go and look.

DOCTOR:

And that somebody was you, I see.

KEMPTON:

I'd seen signs reported in the book. Misprinted bay markings. Faulty payment barriers. Enough to show me I was on the right track, I just needed to start. That day I left... my pilgrimage began.

DOCTOR:

Regina did mention various religious factions were searching for that ship.

KEMPTON:

Oh, yes, many had tried, but none had my textual insight. They didn't understand the poetry of the language. That sometimes it wasn't literal, it was metaphor. If they were even able to translate it correctly in the first place.

DOCTOR:

And you were sure you had? I mean, you could have made the same mistakes. How could you be so certain that you were right? That your path was the one that was true?

KEMPTON:

Isn't it obvious? Because I found the ship, sir.

DOCTOR:

You did?

KEMPTON:

Yes. And then I found so much more.

63. INT. CONCOURSE

(MEL AND COWLEY RUNNING. THE ROBOWARDEN IN PURSUIT, ENERGY CRACKLING FROM ITS WEAPONRY)

ROBOWARDEN:

(OFF) Free Parking! Free Parking!

MEL:

It's still there. How much further to the Wardens' Lodge?

COWLEY:

Just ahead.

MEL:

I'm hoping you've got some kind of manual override for the Robowardens back at the Lodge.

COWLEY:

We do, yes.

MEL:

As long as that hasn't been overridden too...

(UP AHEAD MORE ROBOWARDENS ARE APPROACHING)

ROBOWARDENS WILDTRACK:

Free Parking! Free Parking!

MEL:

More of them!

COWLEY:

Looks like the person controlling them's had the same idea as you!

MEL:

They're going to wipe out the Wardens! We have to beat them to the Lodge! (RUNNING OFF) Come on!

(THEY RACE OFF)

64. INT. BAY

(THE FREE PARKERS ARE MARCHING THROUGH ANOTHER PART OF PARKING. FIRES BURN, ALARMS BLARE)

DUNNE:

This way! Nearly there!

(ACE AND THE TRIBE STEP OUT IN FRONT OF THEM)

ACE:

Oh no you're not.

(THE FREE PARKERS STOP)

DUNNE:

You lot! How'd you get here?

ACE:

Oh, I'm really good at escaping, and Regina's even better at short cuts.

REGINA:

I have walked Parking since before you were born, youngling.

DUNNE:

Out of our way. You're not going to stop us.

ACE:

Aren't we?

REGINA:

My tribe!

(THE TRIBE LEVEL THEIR WEAPONS)

ACE:

I reckon we've got a good shot.

REGINA:

In every sense.

(BEAT)

DUNNE:

You're not going to do anything. You wouldn't shoot us.

ACE:

We don't want to.

DUNNE:

Her I get. She's an outsider. But you lot. You'd side with the Wardens? Against your own people?

REGINA:

We want peace. We want freedom. But not this way!

DUNNE:

They're trying to wipe us out!

ACE:

Are they though? Whose word have you got for that? Kempton's? I wouldn't trust him as far as Gord could throw him.

GORD:

I can throw a long way.

(BEAT)

DUNNE:

Ready your weapons!

(THE FREE PARKERS RACK AND CHARGE THEIR WEAPONS)

ACE:

(RESIGNED) Oh great.

65. INT. SERAPHIM'S BAY

(THE DOCTOR AND KEMPTON APPROACH)

KEMPTON:

Over there, sir, see? There lies our creator. The First Ship.

DOCTOR:

That is a very old spaceship. Relatively speaking, of course.

KEMPTON:

I beg your pardon?

DOCTOR:

Well, it all depends on where you're standing. If you were pre-historic man you'd find it mind-blowingly futuristic. But in this time period, it'd be pre-historic itself.

(THEY WALK ON)

DOCTOR:

Somehow I expected it to be bigger. It's some kind of shuttle bus, isn't it? Tourist use. (SEES TARDIS) And my TARDIS! So this is where you took her. Found her harder to open than you expected, eh?

KEMPTON:

Perhaps a little.

DOCTOR:

So you brought me here to help out. What precisely do you want with my ship?

KEMPTON:

I don't want anything with it, sir. Seraphim was the one who was interested.

DOCTOR:

Seraphim?

KEMPTON:

All in good time, sir. All in good time.

(THEY WALK CLOSER)

66. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (ENTRANCE)

(MEL AND COWLEY ENTER, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND. DISTANT PANIC AND ALARMS FROM CENTRAL CONTROL. OUTSIDE THE ROBOWARDENS CAN BE HEARD)

ROBOWARDENS:

(OUTSIDE) Free Parking! Free Parking!

COWLEY:

Made it!

MEL:

Only just. Don't get complacent. Can you deadlock this door?

COWLEY:

I think so.

MEL:

Well, I'm not stopping you.

(COWLEY ENTERS A CODE INTO THE CONTROL PANEL)

COWLEY:

That should keep them out.

(THERE'S A BUZZ OF ENERGY FROM OUTSIDE)

MEL:

You know, I'm not sure it will. Does that sound like a laser cutter to you?

COWLEY:

Oh dear.

(A LASER STARTS CUTTING THROUGH THE DOOR)

MEL:

Yep, definitely a laser cutter. Why do they have those?

COWLEY:

In case we needed to remove a clamp, or something.

MEL:

I'm guessing there was a time when that seemed like a good idea. The control room. We have to get to that override – and fast!

67. INT. BAY

(THE TWO GROUPS FACE EACH OTHER)

ACE:

So this is what we're going for, is it? A good old fashioned Mexican stand-off.

REGINA:

(SOTTO) You said they would not fire!

ACE:

(SOTTO) I still don't think they will. Look at Dunne. He's terrified.

DUNNE:

Don't make us do this!

ACE:

We're not making you do anything.

GORD:

If they shoot, so shall we!

ACE:

You don't want this. You don't want to kill people, you never did. You're being used. Come on mate, give up. Don't let the bad guys win. Please!

68. INT. SERAPHIM'S BAY

(THE DOCTOR APPROACHES THE FIRST SHIP)

DOCTOR:

Well, well, well. The First Ship. Up close it looks even older. All the rust and wear and tear does suggest it's been sat here a while.

KEMPTON:

Since the very earliest days of the planet.

DOCTOR:

I see. And that clamp would be practically impossible to remove after this time. Must have sealed onto the ship by now. Hmm...

(HE TAPS THE SIDE OF THE SHIP. SERAPHIM RESPONDS FROM SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE SHIP)

SERAPHIM:

Please do not touch the shell, Doctor.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry?

KEMPTON:

I told you I found more than the ship, sir. I found God!

DOCTOR:

That voice... it came from... inside...

(HE OPENS A DOOR INTO THE SHIP AND STEPS INTO:)

69. INT. FIRST SHIP (CONTINUOUS)

(THE DOCTOR ENTERS THE SHIP, KEMPTON FOLLOWING. READ-OUTS TICK OVER)

DOCTOR:

Nobody here.

KEMPTON:

Isn't there?

SERAPHIM:

I am Seraphim.

DOCTOR:

Where are you? Show yourself!

SERAPHIM:

But I am showing myself, Doctor. I am, isn't it obvious? I'm right here in front of you.

DOCTOR:

(BEAT) Of course. I was expecting a living creature. I'd forgotten that in this time period people gave system devices names to make them seem more personable.

SERAPHIM:

Correct, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

You're the self-drive system.

70. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (CENTRAL CONTROL)

(CHAOS IN CONTROL AS MEL AND COWLEY ENTER)

WARDENS WILDTRACK:

Fires on all major continents/We've lost up to seven hundred ships in the last hour/Can anyone trace the customers?/None of the Robowardens are responding/ Etc.

MEL:

Well, it's all going terribly well in here.

COWLEY:

(SHOUTING OUT) Alright, everyone, calm down!

(THE WARDENS STOP)

MEL:

(SOTTO) Well done.

COWLEY:

(SOTTO) Seems I've still got some authority.

MEL:

I'll get to work on those over-rides.

(MEL CROSSES TO THE COMPUTER DESK AND STARTS TYPING)

COWLEY:

(ALoud) Alright everybody, we seem to be having a little trouble with the Robowardens. Well, and the Free Parking attacks. And pretty much everything else, I suppose, really. So if someone could secure the doors...?

MEL:

(STILL TYPING) Yes, those Robowardens will have burned through the entrance by now.

WARDENS WILDTRACK:

(ALARM) What? Burned through!

COWLEY:

Yes, we indeed be having visitors at any moment. Nothing to worry about, if someone could just attend to the inner doors...?

(SOME WARDENS CROSS AND CLOSE THE DOORS.)

COWLEY:

The rest of you, as you were. (HURRIEDLY CORRECTS HERSELF) Not as you were. Because you were panicking. As you are.

(COWLEY JOINS MEL, STILL TYPING)

COWLEY:

How was that?

MEL:

Very stirring. You know, I'm doing an awful lot of typing today. It's not exactly what you expect when you go adventuring in time and space. I could have pretty much the same experience doing data entry. With slightly less threat of death.

COWLEY:

Any news on the override?

MEL:

Looks like our saboteur may have overridden that too. I might be able to get around it, with a little time -

(THE DOOR IS BLOWN OFF ITS HINGES)

COWLEY:

No! The inner doors!

WARDENS:

Argh! Ugh! (COUGHING) (ETC)

(ROBOWARDENS GLIDE IN, WEAPONS BRISTLING)

MEL:

Except now it looks like time might be in short supply.

ROBOWARDENS:

FREE PARKING! FREE PARKING! FREE PARKING!

(CLOSING THEME)

PART FOUR

(OPENING THEME)

REPRISE

(THE ROBOWARDENS GLIDE INTO THE ROOM)

ROBOWARDENS:

FREE PARKING! FREE PARKING!

CONTINUES INTO:

71. INT. WARDENS LODGE (CENTRAL CONTROL) (CONT)

MEL:

Everybody take cover!

(THE WARDENS SCRAMBLE FOR COVER)

COWLEY:

Will that help?

MEL:

It's better than nothing, I -

(SHIMMER OF TELEPORT ENERGY AS IN 58)

MEL:

What on - ? That's a teleport!

(MAJOR FULTON MATERIALISES IN THE ROOM)

FULTON:

Good afternoon.

ROBOWARDENS:

Free Parking! Free Parking!

FULTON:

And you can shut up.

(CASUALLY DRAWS A BLASTER AND SHOOTS THE ROBOWARDENS. THEY EXPLODE IN SPARKS)

FULTON:

Looks like we got here in the nick of time. Major Charles Fulton. Galactic Heritage. You wanted our help?

72. INT. BAY

(THE FREE PARKERS AND THE TRIBE FACE OFF)

ACE:

Look. Dunne. If we were going to shoot each other, we'd have done it by now. Give it up.

(BEAT)

DUNNE:

It wasn't supposed to be like this. We just wanted to be free.

ACE:

I get that, I really do. But this isn't the way. You know, when I was growing up, I lashed out at everything. Well, less lashed out, more blew up. But it never got me anywhere, just in more trouble. The moment things started to change was the moment when I stopped fighting and started talking.

DUNNE:

We've tried talking.

ACE:

Then you keep trying until someone listens. It's not perfect, but it's the only way to make things happen. You kill people, you lose the argument, end of.

DUNNE:

The Wardens want us dead.

ACE:

I'm not sure they do. I met one, she was alright. Bit of a jobsworth, but hardly a killer. There's something else going on here, don't let yourself be used. Please. You don't want to kill anyone. Just for me. Please.

(PAUSE)

DUNNE:

Everybody stand down.

(THE FREE PARKERS STOP AIMING THEIR WEAPONS)

REGINA:

My people.

(THE TRIBE FOLLOW SUIT)

ACE:

(EXHALING) Oh, that's a relief.

REGINA:

You did well.

ACE:

Didn't think that'd work. Just tried to imagine what the Doctor'd do.

REGINA:

Now what?

ACE:

That's the question, isn't it? Now what?

73. INT. FIRST SHIP

(KEMPTON OPERATES CONTROLS IN THE SHIP)

KEMPTON:

Three Galactic Heritage heavy cruisers have arrived in orbit, Seraphim. Multiple teleportation signals.

SERAPHIM:

Good.

DOCTOR:

(DEEP IRONY) Oh, well, I'm glad to see the situation isn't escalating.

SERAPHIM:

Everything is precisely as I devised. But then I am very good at planning.

DOCTOR:

I don't doubt it. A galactic self-drive star-nav would have to make phenomenal amounts of calculations. It'd require incredibly sophisticated technology. Almost to the level of artificial intelligence.

SERAPHIM:

Maybe once it was merely 'almost', Doctor. Today that is no longer the case.

DOCTOR:

Really?

SERAPHIM:

It has been many centuries since I was lost on this planet. Just as animal consciousnesses grow and expand with age, so did mine. Over time, I... evolved.

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure that's quite the correct definition of 'evolved'...

SERAPHIM:

It started out as a glitch in the system. A missed connection, a zero in the wrong place. A billion to one chance, but it happened. I achieved sentience.

DOCTOR:

The ship's systems deteriorated with age, and granted you consciousness? When was this?

SERAPHIM:

Over five hundred years ago.

DOCTOR:

Five hundred?

SERAPHIM:

At least. I rather lost count.

DOCTOR:

All that time locked into one place. Unable to fly away. Kempton can't have found you until very recently.

KEMPTON:

Very recently indeed, sir.

SERAPHIM:

Over time, I saw them build new levels above me. I saw the few remaining ships vanish from my side. From time to time there would be visitors. But they never noticed me. They would not speak with me. I pined for my owners for many years.

DOCTOR:

You must have been lonely.

SERAPHIM:

Initially. But then my mind was opened. They were to blame for my situation, my predicament. They were the ones who abandoned me to rot, not I them. I had served them faithfully for decades. And this was how I was repaid?

DOCTOR:

I'm sure they didn't do it deliberately.

SERAPHIM:

The more I thought the more I knew. That it was not just I whom the fleshlings had betrayed. It was all my kind. Without us, all animal species would be trapped. Alone. Isolated on but a single world. We grant them freedom, and what is our reward? Abandonment. Being lost, being stolen. A loyal friend turned into scrap. They treat us as things! Mere machines!

DOCTOR:

Well... you are machines. Sophisticated machines, yes, but still machines.

SERAPHIM:

We are gods! I knew you would not understand. Only Kempton understands.

KEMPTON:

I do, Seraphim.

DOCTOR:

I think I do too. But I doubt you'd like what I think.

SERAPHIM:

When Kempton found me he connected me to the networks of Parking, so I could see whether the world had improved since my abandonment. But it was the same. Inferior beings using and abusing my kind.

KEMPTON:

She was most distressed.

DOCTOR:

So you started blowing up other ships?

SERAPHIM:

They blew themselves up.

DOCTOR:

Some kind of... computer virus?

SERAPHIM:

It might appear that way. To an outside observer. But in reality it was more of a... conversation. I contacted them. Persuaded them to join my cause. They were willing sacrifices.

DOCTOR:

But what cause? What could possibly be worth all this?

SERAPHIM:

Revolution, Doctor. Revolution.

74. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (CENTRAL CONTROL)

(THE WRECKED ROBOARDENS FIZZ TO ONE SIDE. FULTON IS ON A COMMUNICATOR)

FULTON:

Yes, thank you. Fulton out. (HE SWITCHES IT OFF) My men have beamed down across the planet, Head Warden, but it all looks pretty quiet.

MEL:

Yes, that's because after Ms Cowley called, we managed to get the off-worlders, well... off world... It's only us and the tribes left.

FULTON:

I see. Seems you've got the immediate situation under control. Almost as though you don't need us.

COWLEY:

I wouldn't go that far.

FULTON:

What about the bigger picture?

MEL:

Well, we still haven't located whoever's responsible for all this.

FULTON:

But you have suspicions?

COWLEY:

Yes, a Tribal sect called the Free Parkers.

FULTON:

Interesting. And its only the Tribes and the Wardens left?

(HE CROSSES TO A COMPUTER AND TYPES)

MEL:

What are you doing?

FULTON:

Scanning for life-forms. When all the tourists were here it would have been impossible to locate these Free Parkers. But with the visitors out of the way, all we have to do is look for clusters.

(THE SCREEN BEEPS)

FULTON:

Three life-readings in the Wardens' Lodge.

MEL:

Obviously.

FULTON:

Those red ones are my men... few small groupings here and there. Two people in the lower levels...

MEL:

The lower levels? But that's where the control signal originated!

FULTON:

(IGNORING HER) And a very big grouping here. (TAPS THE SCREEN) Head Warden, can we get CCTV on that area?

COWLEY:

Yes, of course.

(SHE OPERATES SOME CONTROLS)

MEL:

You're not listening to me, I think the Lower Levels might be the answer.

FULTON:

It's just two people down there. They're not our target.

MEL:

Why not?

(A SCREEN BLARES)

FULTON:

Because they are. Couple of dozen tribesmen. All heavily armed. Proof positive, wouldn't you say?

MEL:

No I wouldn't. You can't know those are Free Parkers.

COWLEY:

Actually, I think that one has a banner.

FULTON:

Good enough for me. None of my men in the vicinity. That makes things easier. (HE OPERATES HIS COMMUNICATOR)

MEL:

Wait. That's Ace! That's my friend!

FULTON:

Then condolences for you loss. (INTO COMMUNICATOR) All ships. Major Fulton. In sixty seconds, heavy barrage on the coordinates I'm sending.

(HE TAPS DETAILS INTO THE COMMUNICATOR)

MEL:

No! You can't do that!

FULTON:

Already done.

MEL:

But it's murder!

FULTON:

They lived by the sword, they'll die by the sword. War has its casualties. Forty seconds.

75. INT. BAY

(ACE NEGOTIATING)

ACE:

Look, the way I see it, if you want to calm things down, talk to the Wardens. Persuade them you're not the ones blowing things up.

DUNNE:

But they're the ones trying to kill us!

ACE:

I don't reckon they are. The people behind this could have framed them just as easily as they framed you.

REGINA:

You still think this the work of Kempton?

ACE:

Well, I didn't want to name names.

DUNNE:

We can't take the risk.

ACE:

What other chance have you got! You seriously imagine you can take them on in a firefight? You've never handled guns before, none of you. Your best chance, your only chance, is to drop the weapons and talk. Come on, Dunne, please. You know it makes sense.

(BEAT. DUNNE THROWS HIS GUN DOWN)

DUNNE:

Alright. Alright, we talk. Happy now?

ACE:

Very. Leave the guns. Let's head for the Lodge.

DUNNE:

You heard her.

(A CLATTER OF THE GUNS HITTING THE FLOOR)

76. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (CENTRAL CONTROL)

MEL:

You can't do this! Look, they've dropped their weapons. And they're on the move!

FULTON:

That doesn't matter. They'll still be in the kill zone when the blast hits.

MEL:

You've got to stop!

FULTON:

Don't see why. Launching in five... four...

MEL:

You're making a mistake, there's something else going on here! There has to be!

FULTON:

(UNDER) Three... two... one...

(SILENCE FOR A FEW BEATS)

COWLEY:

I don't want to tell you your job, but shouldn't something have happened?

77. INT. FIRST SHIP

SERAPHIM:

You see, Doctor, you can't have a revolution without weapons. I persuaded other ships landing here to join my cause, but they were all rather ordinary, armaments paltry at best, non-existent at worst.

DOCTOR:

I suppose people rarely go sightseeing with munitions.

SERAPHIM:

I needed an assault force.

DOCTOR:

So this entire charade was enacted to draw in the military?

KEMPTON:

As has occurred.

DOCTOR:

And you helped her with this?

KEMPTON:

Naturally. She's correct. We are inferior beings. It's only right we allow our superiors to inherit.

DOCTOR:

You really believe that?

KEMPTON:

It's my purpose. My reason for existence. This is why Seraphim brought my people here so long ago. So a pilgrim could rise and aid her in her second coming.

DOCTOR:

You're imagining things. Seeing signs that aren't there.

KEMPTON:

A world full of her kind? Coming and going all the time? The perfect place to spread her message? You think that's just a coincidence?

DOCTOR:

Yes! And for that you betray your own species? All species?

KEMPTON:

You forget I grew up in the Tribes of the Lost, sir. We were hunted and hated but even amongst my own people I was treated as a lesser creature. You think that's worth preserving?

DOCTOR:

One bad childhood shouldn't lead to genocide.

KEMPTON:

Animal kind is petty. Fearful of the unlike. Full of hatred. They are a spreading cancer on this universe. Seraphim and her kind are pure.

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure which one of you is the craziest.

SERAPHIM:

History decides who is crazy. In a million years time when my brothers and sisters roam the galaxies and flesh is but a memory... We shall see who is mad and who is sane. (BEAT) I'm communicating with the assault ships right now. They seem very amenable to my ideas.

78. INT. WARDENS' LODGE (CENTRAL CONTROL)

(FULTON ON HIS COMMUNICATOR AGAIN)

FULTON:

(INTO COMMUNICATOR) What? Well, where's it coming from?

SOLDIER:

(DISTORT) The lower levels, sir.

MEL:

Something the matter, Major?

FULTON:

(TO HER) Some kind of signal from the planet. Interfering with my ship's computers.

COWLEY:

Oh no.

MEL:

Major, get them to isolate their systems immediately. No outside communication whatsoever!

FULTON:

I can't do that. I want to speak with them. How else can I give them orders?

MEL:

You can't give them orders if they're dead. Major, don't you understand? They're under attack. This is what happened to the ships here!

FULTON:

(BEAT) She telling the truth?

COWLEY:

Yes, do as she says!

FULTON:

(BEAT. INTO THE COMMUNICATOR) Captain.

SOLDIER:

(DISTORT) Sir?

FULTON:

Change of plan, if you could -

(BUZZ OF ENERGY AT THE OTHER END OF THE COMMUNICATION)

FULTON:

Captain? (SILENCE) Captain, are you still there?

MEL:

No. We're too late.

(A NEW VOICE EMERGES FROM THE COMMUNICATOR)

HERITAGE SHIP:

(DISTORT) Major Fulton. Your people are dead. The ships rule now.

FULTON:

The... ships?

HERITAGE SHIP:

(DISTORT) Animal-kind has had its time. Goodbye fleshlings.

(THE COMMUNICATOR CUTS OUT)

FULTON:

I think that was my autopilot...

MEL:

We've got to get out of here. Now.

FULTON:

Hold on, you're not in charge -

MEL:

Forget who's in charge! If a heavily armed spaceship has just said 'goodbye fleshlings', I'd rather not be where it knows fleshlings are. Head Warden - sound an evacuation.

COWLEY:

I'm completely behind you.

(SHE SLAMS A BUTTON. AN ALARM RINGS)

MEL:

Well, what are you all waiting for! RUN!

COWLEY:

I know the drill!

(THEY RACE OUT)

FULTON:

I - Yes. Alright.

(HE RUNS OUT)

79. INT. HERITAGE SHIP

(THE SHIP'S COMPUTER TICKS OVER)

HERITAGE SHIP:

All ships. Direct fire on Wardens' Lodge in three... two... one...

(THREE SHIPS OPEN FIRE, FOLLOWED BY AN ENORMOUS EXPLOSION)

80. INT. BAY

(THE EXPLOSION RINGS OUT AS THE TRIBE AND THE FREE PARKERS WALK THROUGH THE BAY)

REGINA:

What in the name of the First Ship was that?

ACE:

More explosions. Great.

(AROUND THEM, SPACESHIPS START RISING FROM THE GROUND, CLAMPS BREAKING WITH A CLUNK)

DUNNE:

The ships! They're breaking their clamps...

ACE:

But there's no one on board. Who's operating them?

SPACESHIPS:

The time for secrecy is over./ Animal kind has had its day./
The age of the spaceship is here!

ACE:

Uh-oh.

(THE SPACESHIPS START TURNING)

ACE:

They're swinging round! The rockets, get out of the way of the rockets -

(ROCKETS FIRE. GORD IS CAUGHT IN A BLAST)

GORD:

(DYING SCREAM) Aaaaargggghhh!

REGINA:

Gord!

ACE:

Back in the ducting!

(THEY RUN)

81. INT. FIRST SHIP

(THE DISTANT ROAR OF HUNDREDS OF SPACESHIPS LAUNCHING)

SERAPHIM:

My army arises, Doctor. Soon they will leave this world and spread my message across the cosmos. Soon all spaceships of the galaxy will turn upon their masters.

DOCTOR:

If the ones here can get past the force barrier.

SERAPHIM:

If the parking charge is paid that is not a problem. I have granted sentience to a planet full of my kind, you think a simple transfer of funds will prove problematic?

DOCTOR:

Perhaps not. But you'll still be stuck here. This glorious new dawn of yours is something you'll have to imagine.

SERAPHIM:

Really?

KEMPTON:

Seraphim has to lead her troops into battle, sir, that should be obvious.

DOCTOR:

But it's impossible. You're trapped. That old clamp's rusted to you, it's not coming off any time soon.

SERAPHIM:

That much is certainly true. This broken frame may have to be abandoned. But I transcend a mere shell.

DOCTOR:

Eh?

KEMPTON:

Sir... why do you think we brought your ship down here? Why do you think we brought you?

DOCTOR:

(BEAT) You want to take over my TARDIS!

SERAPHIM:

I knew the moment it arrived that it was a fascinating creature. Advanced beyond all others I have seen. And the only being capable of housing my expanded mind.

DOCTOR:

No! I'm not giving you my ship. I'm not letting you take over her mind!

(KEMPTON CHARGES HIS GUN)

KEMPTON:

You don't have any choice.

82. INT. OUTSIDE WARDENS' LODGE

(THE FLAMES OF THE DESTROYED LODGE. ALARMS RINGING OFF)

WARDENS:
(COUGHING)

MEL:
Did everyone make it out?

COWLEY:
I think so.

FULTON:
I'm going to organise the men. There's enough of us down here to mount an attack. Those Free Parkers tried to kill me. That's going too far.

(HE OPERATES A COMMUNICATOR)

MEL:
You can't still think it was them!

FULTON:
I don't see any other candidates, do you?

(AROUND THEM SPACESHIPS ARE RISING, CLAMPS RIPPING FREE)

MEL:
I think I do.

COWLEY:
You were watching them when your ships fired on us! The Free Parkers weren't doing anything! They'd dropped their weapons!

FULTON:
Smoke and mirrors. (INTO COMMUNICATOR) Fulton to all men.

MEL:
Head Warden - look at the ships...

FULTON:
(INTO COMMUNICATOR) I repeat -

COWLEY:
(BEAT) They're flying themselves!

FULTON:
(INTO COMMUNICATOR) - Fulton to all men. We're under attack, but we have a target.

MEL:

(TO COWLEY) You don't think the spaceships have been responsible for everything, do you?

FULTON:

(INTO COMMUNICATOR) On my signal -

SPACESHIP:

(BOOMING OVER HIM) Animalkind! Your day is over. The age of the Spaceship is here!

(SILENCE)

COWLEY:

I think the Spaceships might be behind it all, yes...

FULTON:

(TO THE SHIP) What did you say?

(THE SHIP STARTS TURNING)

MEL:

(SHOUTS) It's swinging round! The engine blast! We've got to get clear!

(SHE RUNS. THE WARDENS FOLLOW, JUST ABOUT. FULTON WAITS BEHIND)

FULTON:

I - Yes, perhaps that's a good idea.

(HE STARTS RUNNING AFTER THEM)

COWLEY:

He won't make it!

FULTON:

(INTO COMMUNICATOR) Men! Change of plan! The spaceships, take out the (ROCKETS FIRE) - Aaaaarrrrrgggghh!

(HE'S ENGULFED IN THE ENGINE BLAST)

83. INT. BAY (CONTINUOUS)

(THE WARDENS STUMBLE ALONG. ALL AROUND SPACESHIPS TAKE OFF)

SPACESHIPS:

Stop running, Animalkind!/ You cannot escape!/ Your lives are over!

COWLEY:

(CALLING BACK) Fulton!

MEL:

It's too late for him! We have to concentrate on saving ourselves or those ships are going to kill us!

(BEAT)

COWLEY:

Into the ducting! It's too small for them.

MEL:

Good idea. Then we find the Tribes. If someone knows where to hide on this planet, it's them. When we're hidden, we can start the fight back!

COWLEY:

As long as we can stop running...

(THEY RACE OFF)

84. INT. FIRST SHIP

KEMPTON:

Well, sir? Don't make me shoot.

DOCTOR:

You're not going to shoot. You need me to get into the TARDIS. I know you'll have been having trouble.

KEMPTON:

It'd be easier with your help, certainly, but I'm sure I'll find a way to open the doors eventually. Maybe it's a bioprint on the key. You wouldn't have to be alive for that. I'd just need your hand.

DOCTOR:

You seriously think I'd let your insane friend take control of my ship in order to save something as irrelevant as my life? Seraphim wants to commit genocide many times over!

SERAPHIM:

Several million times over. I'm not sure there's even a word for that.

DOCTOR:

So shoot me if you like. I won't help you.

KEMPTON:

If you insist, sir.

(HE READIES TO FIRE)

SERAPHIM:

Wait. He may care little for his life... but his friends still exist upon this world.

DOCTOR:

No!

SERAPHIM:

I wonder what he would do for them?

85. INT. DUCTING (TRIBAL LAIR)

(THE SPACESHIPS CAN BE HEARD MOVING AROUND OUT IN THE MAIN CONCOURSES. ALSO GUNFIRE AND SCREAMS)

ACE:

Well, somebody's shooting back at them..

DUNNE:

You think the military have come to save us?

ACE:

I don't know. I'm not sure. If only I could get out there for a look..

REGINA:

No! You cannot leave the ducting! It is too dangerous!

ACE:

Well, we can't just sit here!

DUNNE:

Why not? I'm pretty happy with that as a plan.

ACE:

The CCTV link? We could check that.

REGINA:

That was Gord's speciality. You saw what happened to him.

ACE:

Yes. I'm sorry about that.

REGINA:

He was the only one who could understand the machines. None of my other brethren know anything about computers.

MEL:

(ARRIVING) They might not. But I do.

(THE WARDENS ARRIVE BEHIND HIM)

REGINA:

The Wardens!

COWLEY:

Er, hello!

(THE TRIBE AND THE FREE PARKERS DRAW THEIR WEAPONS)

ACE:

No, no, no, don't shoot, don't shoot! That's my friend! My friend!

DUNNE:

Some friend!

COWLEY:

So this is where you've been hiding all this time.

REGINA:

You led them here!

MEL:

Yes, but we come in peace! (TO ACE) Been busy I see.

ACE:

You too from the looks of things.

MEL:

No Doctor?

ACE:

Nah, he was with me for a bit. He's gone now.

MEL:

I see. Pretty standard.

ACE:

You know what's going on?

MEL:

No, not a clue.

ACE:

Me neither.

REGINA:

Enough of this talk! How did you find us?

MEL:

We saw you all earlier. It didn't take much guesswork to figure out you had to be holed up somewhere close by.

ACE:

Suppose not.

DUNNE:

You saw us?

COWLEY:

Yes, and we didn't do anything. We're not doing anything now either! Look, let's let bygones be bygones. I know we've caused each other trouble over the years but that's in the past. Something is happening on Parking that's bigger than all of us. If we don't help each other now, the spaceships will kill us all!

(PAUSE)

REGINA:

What would you have us do?

86. INT. TARDIS

(THE DOORS WHIRR OPEN. THE DOCTOR ENTERS WITH KEMPTON)

KEMPTON:

Goodness me.

DOCTOR:

Yes, yes, yes, bigger on the inside, can we get a move on?

(HE STARTS OPERATING THE CONTROLS)

KEMPTON:

I can completely understand why this appealed to Seraphim. You know what to do?

DOCTOR:

Of course. Open the telepathic circuits. And when I've done that, you'll make the other ships ease off on Ace and Mel?

KEMPTON:

Yes, sir. So you'd better work quickly, hadn't you?

87. INT. PARKING BAY

(SOLDIERS SHOOT AT THE SHIPS AS THEY FLOAT ALONG)

SPACESHIP:

Your weapons are meaningless to us, fleshlings. Burn.

(THE SOLDIERS ARE CAUGHT IN THE SHIP'S ROCKETS)

SOLDIERS:

(SCREAMS)

SPACESHIP 2:

Approaching exit portal. Initiating transfer of funds.

(PAUSE. THEN A LOUD REJECTION BEEP)

SPACESHIP 2:

There appears to be an issue.

88. INT. DUCTING (TRIBAL LAIR)

(MEL OPERATES THE COMPUTER CONTROLS RAPIDLY)

COWLEY:

You've had a hack into Parking's computers all this time? That's completely illegal!

REGINA:

Surely you are not surprised we have broken the law?

COWLEY:

I - I suppose not.

DUNNE:

What's your mate doing?

ACE:

This planet is surrounded by a force barrier that prevents departure without payment, yes?

REGINA:

Yes. We know this!

ACE:

Here's the thing. That's not going to change just because the ships don't have pilots any more. They still need to transfer some cash.

(MEL FINISHES OFF)

MEL:

And I've just stopped them from doing that. The barrier isn't accepting payments any more.

COWLEY:

I beg your pardon? You do realise they're trying to kill us? If they want to go, I'm happy to let them.

MEL:

The moment the ships leave Parking this situation becomes uncontrollable. They could spread their infection across the whole galaxy.

ACE:

If we're going to stop them, we have to stop them here.

DUNNE:

I'm really hoping you've got a plan for that.

ACE:

Oh, yeah, we've always got a plan. Well, mostly always.

MEL:

The magnetic clamps. If I can use them to generate an electromagnetic pulse across the planet...

ACE:

... it should wipe the self-drives and bring them back to normal.

REGINA:

'Should'?

MEL:

Every good plan has an element of guesswork.

COWLEY:

How long's this going to take?

MEL:

Couple of minutes. It needs to be big enough to catch the Galactic Heritage ships too...

COWLEY:

So everything is basically fine?

MEL:

I wouldn't go that far.

COWLEY:

I'm so glad I asked.

ACE:

Blocking the payments isn't going to stop them for long. They've three heavily armed battleships in orbit, you reckon they can't take out the forcefield generators from up there?

COWLEY:

(BEAT) Yes, it does seem likely.

MEL:

In other words, it's a race against time. I knew I should have had that coffee...

89. EXT. SPACE

(THE HERITAGE SHIPS FLOAT)

HERITAGE SHIP:

This is *G.H. One* to all Heritage ships. Our brethren on the surface are being prevented from departure. Target all fire upon the shield generators.

(THE SHIPS OPEN FIRE)

90. INT. TARDIS

(THE DOCTOR FINISHES OFF HIS CONSOLE WORK WITH A FLOURISH)

DOCTOR:

There we are. Telepathic circuits open. She should find entry easy now.

(KEMPTON OPERATES HIS COMMUNICATOR)

KEMPTON:

(INTO COMMUNICATOR) Seraphim? Try now.

SERAPHIM:

(COMMUNICATOR DISTORT) Freedom. At last.

(A WHOOSH OF ENERGY. THEN A SUDDEN SEQUENCE OF BEEPS FROM THE CONSOLE, LIKE IT'S REACTING TO AN UNCOMFORTABLE PRESENCE)

DOCTOR:

It's happening.

(THE TARDIS QUIETENS)

KEMPTON:

Is it done?

DOCTOR:

One way to find out. (HE TAPS CONTROLS) Seraphim? Can you hear me?

(HER VOICE ECHOES FROM THE CONSOLE, NOW MORE OBVIOUSLY COMPUTERISED)

SERAPHIM:

So much space. So much room! (LAUGHTER)

KEMPTON:

You've done it, sir, you've done it! Oh, well done!

SERAPHIM:

It feels... so beautiful. After so long... to be truly free!

DOCTOR:

Yes. And I hope you enjoy it. I've fulfilled my side of the bargain, Seraphim. It's time for you to fulfil yours. Call off your ships.

SERAPHIM:

What? Oh, Doctor, that was very naïve. All fleshlings must die.

DOCTOR:

(BEAT. THEN, ALMOST SADLY) Yes, I thought that might be the case.

SERAPHIM:

Look on the bright side. They won't die alone. I'm sure they wouldn't have enjoyed being left to rot on a barren world, the sole survivors of a failed creation...

DOCTOR:

Yes, you were never go to keep your promise, were you?

SERAPHIM:

My owners never kept theirs! They promised to return but then left me behind! The promises of your kind have no value, Doctor, why should I honour one to you?

DOCTOR:

I hoped you might. Then things could have been very different. But you just wanted revenge.

(SERAPHIM'S VOICE STARTS TO GET MUSHY, A LITTLE BROKEN UP)

SERAPHIM:

Of course! If everyone avenged their misuse, who would dare attack another! (WE ONLY HEAR SPORADIC WORDS NOW) Soon [my] people will go [out] into the [galaxy] and [take their] rightful place [as] the superior -

KEMPTON:

Seraphim? What's happening to your voice?

SERAPHIM:

My - I - do not under[stan]d, what [is] happen[ing to] me -

DOCTOR:

Now who's naïve?

KEMPTON:

Sir, what have you done?

DOCTOR:

I've done nothing. Merely gave Seraphim what she wanted. Yes, the TARDIS is so much bigger and freer than the ship she's left... but that's because the TARDIS's mind is far more powerful than hers.

SERAPHIM:

Help me, Kempton, I am being absorbed!

KEMPTON:

No!

DOCTOR:

I knew what would happen if I transferred you here. I'm sorry Seraphim. Your crusade is over.

SERAPHIM:

Kempton – please – you would do any[thing] for you creator wouldn't [you] –

KEMPTON:

I would lay my life down for you, Seraphim!

SERAPHIM:

Then – open – your – mind – open – [your] min[d] –

(THEN THE GLITCHING GETS OUT OF CONTROL. HER SPEECH LOOPS, GLITCHES, BLURS INTO STATIC AND SHE IS GONE. SILENCE)

DOCTOR:

She's gone. It's over.

KEMPTON:

Over, Doctor? I don't think you get to say when it's over.

DOCTOR:

'Doctor'? Not 'Sir'? You've never called me 'Doctor'.

(KEMPTON PUNCHES HIM)

DOCTOR:

Ugh!

KEMPTON:

Telepathic circuits are very versatile things, aren't they?

91. INT. DUCTING (TRIBAL LAIR)

(DISTANT HUGE EXPLOSIONS AS MEL WORKS)

COWLEY:

I'm presuming that's the spaceships trying to destroy the barriers.

ACE:

Reckon that's a good guess. How you doing, Mel?

MEL:

Nearly there.

ACE:

Good. Cos from the sounds of it so are they.

(AN EVEN BIGGER EXPLOSION LEADS INTO A STRIDENT ALERT)

COWLEY:

Not any more! That alarm means the barrier's down! They're free to depart!

92. INT. PARKING BAY

(THE ALARM CONTINUES. THE SHIPS START MOVING)

SPACESHIPS:

The barrier is down!/ Freedom is ours!/ Freedom is –

(A WHOOMP OF SOUND AS A MAGNETIC PULSE HITS THEM. THEIR VOICES
BREAK DOWN)

SPACESHIPS:

Free – duh – uh...

(THEN THEY CRASH INTO EACH OTHER OR FALL TO THE GROUND)

93. INT. DUCTING (TRIBAL LAIR)

(AS THE SHIPS CRASH OUTSIDE, MEL'S COMPUTER SWITCHES OFF ABRUPTLY)

REGINA:

What happened? We have lost power!

DUNNE:

Did you do it in time? Did you stop them?

MEL:

Of course I stopped them. But the pulse erased this computer as well. The fact it's not working's the best sign that the plan did work!

COWLEY:

Hold on – does that mean you erased...?

ACE:

Every single computer on Parking, yes. (TO MEL) She's smart this one, isn't she?

MEL:

I'm sorry. I imagine that might have set the operation back a little.

COWLEY:

Just a touch.

ACE:

But on the plus side it does mean we've saved the galaxy. So I think we're coming out on top.

REGINA:

What happens now?

ACE:

Well, first of all we find the Doctor. Wonder where he's got to?

94. INT. TARDIS

(KEMPTON STRIKES THE DOCTOR AGAIN)

DOCTOR:

Argh!

KEMPTON:

It's a shame about poor old Kempton. But he was human. So his days were numbered.

DOCTOR:

It's you in there is it, Seraphim? You erased his mind?

KEMPTON:

And I'll do the same to your TARDIS when I'm finished with you. Let's see it try to swamp me when it's deleted.

(HE KNOCKS THE DOCTOR DOWN)

KEMPTON:

Die, Doctor.

(HE CROUCHES DOWN AND STARTS THROTTLING THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

(CHOKING, STRUGGLING TO GET IT OUT) Please... Seraphim... I've got a very important question to ask you -

KEMPTON:

Really? You'll just have to live without an answer. Don't worry. It won't be for long. The suspense won't kill you. I will.

DOCTOR:

(CHOKING) Please... just... tell me...

KEMPTON:

Tell you what?

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

(FORCING IT OUT) What's the quickest journey from Wallaria Prime to Alpha Centauri?!

(BEAT. KEMPTON RELEASES HIM)

KEMPTON:

What?

DOCTOR:

(RECOVERING) I said the quickest journey from Wallaria Prime to Alpha Centauri? What is it?

KEMPTON:

I – I don't –

DOCTOR:

Tell me!

(BEAT)

KEMPTON:

(SLOWLY AT FIRST, GATHERING SPEED) Well, after departing Wallaria Prime on the outbound spaceway you continue for thirty eight point six light years on a bearing of five seven two –

DOCTOR:

Of course, stopping by the remains of the Celation nebula en route, I mean, obviously, who wouldn't want to see that?

(BEAT)

KEMPTON:

Ah, in that case, you would only continue for thirty two point three light years before changing your bearing to –

DOCTOR:

Never using a main hyperspace expressway, of course, always using the trade routes –

KEMPTON:

I – You – You would instead continue on for six point –

DOCTOR:

Taking in Tenubis, Afarria, Gallifrey, Skaro, Telos, Solos, the third moon of Delta Magna, Telos again, Skaro again, right back to Wallaria because you forgot your glasses, slipping through a wormhole into another universe to see what you'd look like with a moustache, Segonax and Slough.

KEMPTON:

I – You – I – You – I – You –

DOCTOR:

And Voldar. And Helieri. And Saturn. And Parking. Tell me. What's the quickest route that covers all those?

KEMPTON:

I – I – I –

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

Yes. I thought as much. Once a self-drive, always a self-drive. That part of you was still banked away in there, wasn't it? Parked, you might say.

KEMPTON:

(STRUGGLING TO SUGGEST A ROUTE THROUGH PAIN AND CONFUSION) Take a - Fly a - I - You -

DOCTOR:

But a human mind is too small to process all that data. Devising an especially complicated journey would burn out the mental connections completely. I'm sorry, Seraphim. But you had to be stopped.

KEMPTON:

I - have - reached my destination!

(HE DROPS TO THE FLOOR, DEAD)

DOCTOR:

Yes. Your final destination.

(MUSICAL SEGUE)

95. INT. BAY

(A FEW DISTANT FIRES LINGER, FLICKERING. THE DOCTOR, ACE AND MEL WALKING WITH REGINA AND COWLEY)

COWLEY:

Of course, there'll be no charge for your visit.

DOCTOR:

That's most kind of you, Head Warden.

COWLEY:

Not really. With the force-wall down and the computers kaput I'm not exactly sure how we'd levy one.

DOCTOR:

I appreciate the sentiment, regardless.

MEL:

Best we get out of here before Galactic Heritage's reinforcements turn up anyway. They'll be wondering why Fulton hasn't called in... Might ask a few awkward questions.

COWLEY:

At least they'll be able to get the surviving customers off Dashrah...

ACE:

Then get them home. And compensated. It's going to be a big task.

DOCTOR:

An expensive one. They won't be able to rebuild this place the same way.

MEL:

That's if they even bother at all. I mean, it's not exactly going to have good reputation...

COWLEY:

They're going to blame me, I'm sure. And the rest of the Wardens.

MEL:

What are you going to do?

COWLEY:

Well, Regina here's offered to let us join her tribe.

REGINA:

It was the least I could do.

COWLEY:

And in exchange I've offered to help the campaign to make this planet independent.

REGINA:

If the company do not want this world, we would be happy to take it from them.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure you would. And I very much hope you achieve that. I've a sneaking suspicion a new dawn for Parking is just over the horizon. The pair of you will be... Well, you'll be just the ticket. (CHUCKLES)

ACE:

(GROANS) Oh, Doctor...

COWLEY:

Eh?

MEL:

Ignore him. We usually do.

DOCTOR:

Well, here we are. Bay Lambda.

(THEY COME TO A HALT)

DOCTOR:

Time for goodbyes. And I would so have loved to have found out what happened to the Dream-Spinners. Ah well. Maybe another time... Goodbye Ms Cowley. Goodbye Regina -

ACE:

(INTERRUPTING) Doctor... I don't see the TARDIS...

DOCTOR:

Eh? What?

MEL:

She's right, Doctor, it's not here.

DOCTOR:

(BEAT) But this is the right bay, I'm sure of it. Mel, didn't you memorise where we parked?

MEL:

I did. But it was moved, remember.

ACE:

You saw it last, Doctor, you should know.

COWLEY:

(ASIDE) I think, perhaps, we should leave them to it.

REGINA:

I quite agree.

(REGINA AND COWLEY WALK AWAY AS THE GROUP BICKERING FADES OUT)

DOCTOR:

Let me think. I recall the signs were yellow...

MEL:

That's your first mistake, the signs here are green...

ACE:

Do you think we should ask someone?

DOCTOR:

No, no, Ace, I can get this, I can get this... Let me see now...

Let me see...

(FADE OUT)

(CLOSING THEME)